

Mind



Matter.

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NO. 8.

TO Maggie Belle—My Four Year Old Companion.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Dear Maggie Belle,
With face so fair,
No tongue can tell
How nice you are.

With sweet blue eye,
And laughing face,
When you come nigh,
Each motion grace—

I think of one,
I used to love,
Who now hath gone
To home above.

Long may you stay,
Dear Maggie Belle,
To point the way,
Where angels dwell!

West Gloucester, Mass.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE SPIRIT ENEMIES OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. M. ROBERTS.

[Continued.]

On the 16th of September last I was sitting at my desk writing late in the evening when Mr. Bliss, who was engaged at his desk, was controlled and I received the following communication purporting to come from General Custer:

"It does not pay to be ambitious, when that ambition finishes you when young. Some men are called brave because they are fool-hardy. I suppose I could be justly classed among that kind of people. It may be interesting to you to know what I am about as a spirit. When I went into spirit life, I had a feeling of hatred towards those who put me out of the way. That feeling continued for what you would call a year. I have found out though that the longer I held my feelings of enmity against my slayers the deeper I sunk. It was a hard lesson to learn, but I think I have learned it very effectually. I have sought to better my condition. I think I have done it. Still my military tendencies have followed me into spirit life and I am assigned a position in your band of spirits. It is a position that I would not have been proud of in my earth life, but one that I am proud of now in as much as I am serving the great cause of truth.

"I was fool-hardy, intemperate, unwise, but I believe I am growing out of those conditions. I was a very proud young man—proud of my curly head—proud of the admiration of my men. It led me into mischief. My position now is that of a scout. I cannot say more. I must away to duty."

After that spirit yielded control the medium was taken by "Billy the Bootblack," his guide, who said:

"Oh, my, Mr. Roberts, you had a big gathering in your office this morning, and you can't guess who was here." I began guessing, and as I proceeded, "Billy" said, "No; one greater than him—'one greater than him,' until I mentioned the name of Washington, when 'Billy' said: 'It was him, and with him were a great many very influential spirits. I don't know what they were here for; but they seemed to be standing around your desk, and were looking with anxious faces—oh! such anxious faces—at what you were doing. Just as they were about to leave I heard Gen. Washington say to General Robert E. Lee, 'Send for Custer.' What this spirit meeting portended I did not then understand. It was all subsequently manifested in the current of events that since transpired.

The following morning, Sept. 17th last, Mr. Bliss was again entranced, and the following communication was given. It purported to come from the spirit of John Brown of Ossawatimie. Shaking hands with my friend Mr. A. P., he spoke as follows:

"I am happy to return. I have communicated with you before. It is very important that I should communicate with you both this morning, although it must be very difficult for me to speak, I fear. You have passed safely through, thus far, this terrible conflict in which you were engaged when I sent my first message to you from the prison walls of this medium. I have watched you very anxiously, for I have believed that you were the man that was fitted and prepared to carry out the noblest work that could be given to mortal man.

"In my earth-life I was looked upon as fanatic—as a disturber of the peace—as an insurrectionist—but I think to-day, that mortals, who are left behind me and my little band of workers in earth-life, understand the motives of the old man.

"I assure you that I loved my country. If I have been understood by my fellow countrymen I have not lived in vain. Dear friends, I find you both in sympathy with the oppressed. My whole soul stirred within me at the foul blot on our country's fair name, and I was determined, let the world say what they would of me that I would raise my voice and hand against that terrible evil. I could not wait for the action of our government and have a clear conscience that I have done my duty.

"When governments are wrong, and individuals feel within them that they are right, then it is their duty to protest against the action of that government. This was the principle that actuated our forefathers, when they separated from Great Britain.

"I did not intend when I came here to speak of myself and hand. I came to tell you that I am with you in your most glorious work. When an inhabitant of earth I was bound down by old

theology, but my quickened spirit could not be confined within its limits after I had left the mortal form, for I saw the grand, noble band of Continental spirits who had controlled me as a medium for their work, and I understood the influences that had controlled me to raise my hand against Virginia. It was not I, but the mighty spirit host that operated psychologically upon me—thanks to our father and mother God.

"My friends, since my advent into spirit life, I have sought every opportunity to help on this glorious cause; and I fully realized that I had been a slave to old theology. Realizing this, I made up my mind that I would strike off those bands around the white slave. I have never stopped and never will until the whole human race is emancipated from a bondage worse than African slavery. The breaking of the bonds of the black slave was simply the stepping stone to release from bondage the spiritual slave.

"I am with you my brother in your work. Oh! do not let this pioneer attempt fail,—stand nobly in your lot and place, for I assure you on my honor that this attempt here is the only salvation for Spiritualism. Then guard it well—guard it well, for millions yet unborn look to you for emancipation. Feel, oh! feel, mortals the importance of your work.

"I must leave you for the present. God bless you, for the kind words you have given me individually. Oh! sirs, I suffered in my prison cell under the condemnation of those I loved, and your kind words have filled me with comfort and satisfaction that you can little comprehend.

"JOHN BROWN."

That communication indicated that the spirit friends who were in sympathy with me in the publication and management of MIND AND MATTER were cognizant of some movement on the part of the enemies of Spiritualism that might discourage me; and that John Brown had been sent to my friend and myself, to impress us with the vast importance of standing firm in the emergency that was approaching. Although it was not necessary to hold me fixedly to the work I had in hand; yet it was deeply gratifying and most encouraging to know that noble and philanthropic spirits so highly appreciated my humble efforts to do my whole duty to God—to my fellow-men and to myself.

In a few moments after the above communication closed, Mr. Bliss was controlled by Col. Elmer Ellsworth who addressed me as follows:

"GENERAL, GOOD MORNING.—I assure you, General, I am here, to-day, with a little information that we have gained from our enemies. We have called to our aid General Custer. We have long kept our guards stationed in the city of New York, for we knew that there, in that city, is centered the head and front of the papal power in your earth life. I know this, General, for I have seen it myself. We have intentionally, General, transferred your medium" (Mr. Bliss) "to that city. It has been our intention to force the battle there, if possible. We will see, if possible, General, that your medium is not badly injured; but we realize, at this time, the importance of forcing a battle in New York. We hope you will remain in Philadelphia, as passive as possible, while we at this time force the battle there. Allow me to say to you, General, that the battle will not assume a very important feature in your earth life, but it will assume a very threatening attitude in the spirit spheres, where the actual battle must be fought. We assure you that you have spoken more truth than you dream of. This battle must come and if you are prepared to meet it and can co-operate with us, in this movement, we assure you we shall gain a victory that will be as lasting as those that have been gained, in the work in your earth life, against those opposed to the Spiritual Movement.

"We do not wish you to be alarmed by anything you may hear, for we have assembled in this office and gathered strength from yourselves and the band of workers last Sunday afternoon" (This refers to the first meeting of those who met to form the "Co-operative Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia"), "and we are now about to retire from your city and press the battle in New York. Sir" (addressing my friend, Mr. A. P.) "you have not come here of your own free will. General Robert E. Lee will inform you that it was he that brought you here. Stand firm, gentlemen. A true soldier never shrinks in the face of his duty. I was naturally proud. I am proud of my record. I died in the folds of our flag. I come to you in time for you to prepare to meet the battle. We do not wish to worry Mr. Bliss, and therefore would have you say nothing to him. You will have very few spirits at the circle to-night" (the developing circle of Mr. Bliss). "Discontinue it this evening. We need every particle of power that we can collect. For this reason we caused this medium to forget to advertise his circle.

"I am here, to-day, to represent General Washington—to speak for him. I am upon the staff with him. General Jackson has another efficient spirit officer, who will speak to you by and by. Allow me to return the thanks of Benjamin Franklin for this audience. He has sought to bring it about. Good morning,"

"ELMER ELLSWORTH."

Two days after receiving the foregoing communication, I received the following under these circumstances. On the morning of September 19th, Mr. — Haskell, a neighbor, was in the office of MIND AND MATTER, and the subject of the life and works of Thomas Paine was under discussion between us. Mr. Haskell is a great admirer of Paine, but a confirmed Materialist in his views. I was try-

ing to convince him that Paine still lived as a spirit, and that he was proceeding with the great philanthropic work in which he was engaged while in earth life—the breaking of the shackles which superstition and ignorance had fastened on the human mind. It would seem that we had an auditor that we were mutually unconscious of it at the time. In the afternoon Mr. Bliss complained of being unable to continue at his work, owing to a troubled feeling of his head, and discontinued his labors. While sitting, conversing with me, he was entranced and controlled, when the following communication was given:

"The absence of the usual controls of this medium makes it very difficult for me to control." (This seemed to confirm what Col. Ellsworth had said about the band having concentrated about Mrs. Bliss in New York.) "What I have to say to you to-day may be very imperfect, and to the skeptical person it would be very apt to be a stumbling block. Nevertheless, I desire to communicate with you.

"In the first place, I must say to you, that I am, for the time being, possessing an organism that I cannot impress so well, or rather, cannot speak through so perfectly as I have done before at other places. I was attracted to this, your office, this morning, and I heard a person that worshipped my actions while in the earth life rather than the power that urged me on, say these words as near as I can recollect. 'If Thomas Paine still lives, why does he not appear to me in my own apartments?' I will, however, say to him that I am still active in my work of redeeming the race from the power of the clergy and superstition. I would return my thanks to him for his kindness; but I say to him, worship not the man, but rather venerate the forces that controlled the man." (Mr. Haskell had, at great expense, published a life and defence of Paine against the false accusations of his bigoted sectarian enemies.) "I assure you, my friend, Jonathan Roberts, that I, as a spirit, am agrieved to-day when I look upon those remaining in the form, who seek to make a god of me in their way. I was simply the instrument in the hands of a mighty power, at that time wholly unknown to me.

"I read from your mind, at this moment, a few pertinent questions that you desire that I should answer. First—Did I appear on the negative while you sat for the photograph? I answer positively that I did. I sought to place myself beside you, in a position such that my many friends would recognize me. Another important question that I gather from your mind, through this organism, is, did I write or construct the Declaration of Independence of America? Without desiring the honor that mortals would do me for that act, I answer I did. The other question, as to the authorship of certain letters, I will answer thus: that the author has no reason to change his mind in letting the secret pass out with him.

"Another question possibly comes from you; if not, I will answer it, come from what source it may: 'Am I, to-day, in sympathy with the materialistic brethren of earth?' Allow me to answer that I cannot be in sympathy with them. Another question, 'Am I in sympathy with the movement known as Modern Spiritualism?' Allow me to answer, 'I am.' But, says the skeptic, 'how can you reconcile the doctrines of Spiritualism with your writings when in the mortal form?' I answer, 'I had not the spiritual experience that I have since had in spirit life. I have gained a tithe of that knowledge since I entered the spirit life.'

"Before I yield control of this organism, I must offer a few words of consolation to you, my noble friend. You have had a desperate conflict with the enemies of Spiritualism. You have felt the shaft from the hands of those you thought were your friends. It has pierced you deeply, but you have borne it unmoved. Bear it a little longer and you will have your reward.

"Adieu, THOMAS PAINE."

The reference to the three questions that were in my mind at the time was most significant to me. The first question related to a photograph which was taken for me by Mrs. Thomas R. Evans, in the autumn of 1876, under the following circumstances:

"On Friday, Sept. 15, 1876, I called to have a private sitting with Jas. A. Bliss at Circle Hall, Philadelphia. I found him engaged for the time, and went into the sitting-room. I was impressed to take up the pencil, which was lying upon the table, when my hand mechanically wrote, 'I desire to communicate with you; Thomas Paine.' I tore up the paper on which this was written. Soon after Mr. Bliss entered and took his seat at the table. He was soon entranced. So sure was I that I had not written the words above stated that I felt confident I should get a communication from Thomas Paine. Although the sitting continued nearly an hour and several communications were given there was not a word from Thomas Paine. I concluded that some waggish spirit had controlled my hand while personating him and I dismissed the matter from my mind. On coming out of the sitting room I found a lady waiting for a sitting with Mr. Bliss. She immediately went into the room for a sitting with him. I remained a few minutes talking with a gentleman who was there. In a short time, the lady came to the door of the sitting room and called Mrs. Evans, the spirit photographer, into the sitting room. Soon she came out and said to me, 'Mr. Roberts, Billy the Bootblack is controlling Mr. Bliss and he called me in to request me to say to you that Thomas Paine is here and wants you to be informed of that fact.' I was surprised to get this confirmation, in that

indirect manner, of the announcement that had been written through my own hand. The impression then came to me that I could possibly get a picture of the great heretic, and I told Mrs. Evans that I would like to sit for a spirit photograph. I stated no reason, whatever, for desiring to do so. Mrs. Evans assented and prepared the plate for the negative. When ready I took my seat. Mrs. Evans uncovered the lens and became entranced. She kept me sitting so long that the photograph of myself was completely spoiled. When she came out of the trance, after having covered the lens again, she said: 'Why, I've been away out in the country at a farm house, and everything I saw there is vividly before me.' She proceeded to develop the negative. When she came out with it she said, 'I do wish the spirits would not scribble the pictures over as they do.' There was my picture imperfectly taken, and across the photograph was written in a hand singularly like that of Thomas Paine: 'Friend Roberts, I am glad you sat. I was very anxious to communicate with you this morning, but could not. My picture I will give to you if you will sit on Tuesday for it. Your friend, Thomas Paine.' Whether the day was Tuesday or Thursday I could not make out, as three of the letters were not printed across the white vest which I wore. I went on Tuesday to be sure of getting the right day. I found Mrs. Evans ready for me, and I sat again for a picture. Mrs. E. seemed to be influenced, but not as on the previous occasion. When she dropped the cloth over the lens, she said: 'Mr. Roberts, I saw Pat McCarty standing in front of you, making gestures at you. Did you see my hand jerked from the camera?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well,' she continued, 'Pat came around here from you and jerked my hand away.' When the plate was developed there was a picture of myself, with this announcement written across it: 'This is not the day. Come on Thursday. Patrick.'

Accordingly I went again on Thursday for the sitting. I found Mrs. Evans quite indisposed. Mr. Bliss happened to be there, and supposing his strong magnetic power might aid in getting the desired picture, I asked him to stand with Mrs. Evans at the camera. He did so, and I sat for the picture again. The plate was taken away for development. Before Mrs. Evans returned with it Mr. Bliss became entranced and controlled by his guide, 'Billy the Bootblack,' who said: 'It is no use trying this morning; you will get no picture. Mr. Paine was here and stood right beside you, but he could not materialize strong enough to be taken. My, what a funny looking spirit he is? Why, his nose is so long that it looks as if it was made to hoe potatoes with.' It proved as 'Billy' had said; there was no appearance of a spirit form on the negative. When the picture was finally obtained, the appropriateness of Billy's reference to the long hooked nose was very manifest. Mrs. Evans said, that while developing the plate she was clairaudiently informed by her spirit guide, Dangerre, that he would try to get me the desired picture if I would sit for it on the following Wednesday, Sept. 27th. I promised to do so, and kept my appointment. Mrs. Evans said: 'Dangerre has been with me this morning, and says it will be no use for you to sit before three o'clock this afternoon. Come at that time and we will try again.' I did so; but, although I sat twice, nothing appeared on the plate with me. Mrs. Evans then said: 'Dangerre tells me, if you will come on Friday, the 29th, and will sit before any other pictures are taken the trial will be successful.' I promised to come, if I could that early, but feared I could not. As I feared, I could not get there until in the afternoon after several most successful sittings had been given to other persons. I asked Mrs. Evans to consult her artist guide as to whether I should sit at that late hour of the day. She retired for a few moments, and returned, saying: 'Dangerre says, sit by all means.' I took my seat, when all was ready. Mrs. Evans was instantly entranced, and I was kept sitting so long that I moved my position. After fully three minutes she came to herself, the camera having been managed, in the meantime, by her control. She said: 'I feel as if you ought to have the faces of half the people in this city on that plate.' She took it to the developing room and when she came out said, well I have a good negative of an old lady spirit here, but oh! my, she is ugly. She brought the negative to me and the moment I saw it, I recognized the picture of Thomas Paine. There were some four or five persons in the room, all of whom thought it was a picture of a female and not a male spirit. It was only when I insisted on it that it was the picture of Paine that they could see it was the photograph of a man and not a woman. The picture of myself was so very poor and imperfect, that I proposed to sit again, to see whether that defect could not be overcome. I sat a second time and got a better negative of both the spirit and myself. In both pictures the identity of Paine is very marked, but there is sufficient difference in the two impressions to show that while the form was the same in both, that the difference was the result of two distinct sittings. The striking general resemblance of these photographs to the portrait of Paine, in oil, in Independence Hall, is very striking, while it has no appearance of being copied from that or any other picture of Paine that is extant. The assurance which was given me, three years afterwards, in the above communication that he stood beside me when I obtained the photograph of his spirit, sets at rest every possible misgiving as to the genuineness of that spirit photograph.

That Thomas Paine wrote the Declaration of Independence I had long believed from the strik-

ing similarity of the style of that immortal document with the "Crisis" and "Common Sense" of Paine. The question was, however, in my mind as Paine communicated. "Did he or did he not write the Declaration of Independence? So in relation to the "Letters of Junius," referred to. The answer clearly indicates that Paine was the author of those letters. Why he should avow the authorship of the Declaration of Independence and evade the question as to the "Letters of Junius," he did not explain.

These communications are given in this connection because they relate to events that are even now in course of transpiring relating to the movements of the enemies of Modern Spiritualism.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wonderful Materializations in the West—An "Exposed" Medium Amply Vindicated.

MIND AND MATTER has found its way to the Occident, where we have more "matter" than "mind"—more of the practical than speculative, and especially of that portion of the speculative, the great question that troubled Zeno and Plato, the "to be or not to be," which is being so effectually settled through the instrumentality of that most interesting portion of humanity, the mediums, whose cause is so ably championed by its editor. When we see a fac-simile of our dear departed friends standing palpably before us; sitting in our laps; emotionally caressing us, and using endearing words that no other mortal or immortal can use to establish their identity—fegretful of the unavoidable brevity of the interview—then dissolving into thin air while the medium is sitting in plain daylight, under absolute test conditions, by our side, we are compelled to believe that the present assailants of mediums of established reputation are too ready to limit possibilities or too willing, dishonestly, to subvert the sectarian purposes of men who are beginning to fear that the facts of Spiritualism endanger their "occupation."

All the above, and vastly more, the writer has recently and repeatedly witnessed in San Francisco. And so astounding and, to him, incredible were the phenomena that he would have regarded himself the subject of the hallucination of his senses, but for the experiences of many people of intelligence and high respectability, with the same medium. As facts are the test of truth and the basis on which is being built a superstructure destined to redeem the world from its venerable, though cruel superstitions, he believes a brief history of the various phases of mediumship, through which the lady in question has passed may be turned to good account in your present controversy. Two years ago I handed her a folded ballot. Holding it a minute, she ignited and dropped it on a plate; then put the ashes on paper and with her hand applied friction till the name and a pertinent answer to a question, written on the ballot, appeared on the sheet. I need not say that she did not see a word that I had written. This phase has died out, with her.

Later, a circle of from six to thirty persons would surround her, each holding the hands of those by his or her side. In an instant after the light was extinguished, the guitar, hand-organ, bells, etc., would sound one after another in all parts of the parlor, coming down and resting on our heads or laps, while the voice of a distinct outside, thinking entity that called himself "Mr. Gruff," could be heard giving directions and cracking jokes, overhead and in every part of the room.

A committee of savants, an ex-Supreme Judge of the number, had arranged to investigate the above phenomena. Happening to be in the city, the day before they were to meet, I called on Mrs. Crindle, the medium, to obtain permission to be present. Her control wrote: "Let ladies search her, change her clothes, place her in a box, and we will put flowers into it." "Who are we?" I inquired, and to my astonishment the names of six of my deceased friends, one an artist of national reputation, were written; three of whom, I know, Mrs. C. could never have heard of.

I attended the meeting. Flowers in abundance were thrown out of the box, literally "charged with rich fragrance and glittering with dew," and this in bright daylight, the ladies reporting that they knew there was not the minutest thing concealed about her person, when she entered the improvised cabinet.

At subsequent seances not only flowers, but live birds and live fish found their way into the cabinet—the medium being under strict test conditions; but these things then gave way to slate writing and materialization.

The alcove of a parlor was used as a cabinet. It was nine feet square, twelve feet high, and no window or opening into it of any kind, except the doors resting on rollers connecting it with said parlor. These doors were rolled back part of the way, and a black curtain hung from the ceiling, excluding the gas light. Seats were arranged in front of the curtained doorway of the cabinet. Anybody was allowed to enter and search it for openings through the floor into the store, below, or in the hard-finished plastered walls. Light enough remained in the parlor to enable us to distinguish faces at or near the curtain. Singing had been kept up from five to ten minutes, when six white hands and arms were protruded through, apparently, longitudinal slits in the folds of the curtain—some of them eight or nine feet above the floor. A large hand turned the curtain aside and took from a table a sheet of paper; soon it was returned, and a lady took and read the page, not well. A large bearded man then appeared in the door and called me by name. I stepped to him. He took my hand in his and said: "It pains me to have my communication so garbled as it was in the reading;" and requested me to read it to the company. I enclose it to you, without altering a word or letter. "Who is this lady standing by you?" I inquired. "That is a little spirit that materializes very easily. The hand you see from behind her belongs to your wife."

But they had endured the light as long as they could, and closed the curtain. He told me his name was Bird, Mrs. Crindle's control. I called again soon after, in the daytime, and holding one end of the slate up, against the underside of the table, Mrs. C.'s right hand holding an opposite corner, and the left disengaged and in sight; in about two minutes I withdrew the slate and found on one side a letter instructing me in relation to my health, signed by an esteemed medical friend, deceased, and on the other side, "Dear D—, you shall yet see your friends in the flesh. No longer doubt the reality of materialization." This was signed by the artist above alluded to.

Two days later I called again. A lady friend entered the cabinet with me. Her daughter appeared, and as natural and really human as in her earthly life. Another lady who had often materialized before, conversed with me and the medium,

evinced culture and refinement—she said she would assist my wife to materialize, but that there was too much light from the street windows. She walked out in her stockings, stopped at a table, took something, went on and adjusted the blinds, returned, handed Mrs. C. a rose, kneeled with her head and chest on Mrs. C.'s lap, to get more strength, returned to me, told me surprising things about the spirit world, said she knew my wife there, but not a friend I named. "It is there as here," she added, people living in your neighborhood you may not be personally acquainted with." Where said I, do you obtain the material to make this well proportioned body. "God gives it to us," was the reply. She disappeared, faded away, when I felt a hand fondling my head and face. I grasped it but found no arm. "That is your wife," said Gruff, the invisible. "She can't materialize yet only in parts." But soon a misty form appeared in front of me, it grew apparently more dense, the gauzy drapery was turned aside and a hand extended to me. I held it in one of mine, and traced with the other, under the veil-like covering, the arm to the arm-pit, shoulder and chest—skin delicate as an infant's. Gruff, called out, "don't hold her too long, she is not strong enough yet." I could find no pulse at her wrist, but her face looked healthy, and was as warm and natural as when she was a young wife.

Three days after I met her in the same place and manner, then her pulse was plainly felt. She sat on my lap, embraced me with deep emotion, made great effort to speak, but only four words were spoken plain enough to be understood. She left me—went to the medium for more strength, as Gruff expressed it; and here it is interesting to note that whenever one of those five phantoms approached the medium, it would cause her to heave a sigh, as she told me from a sensation of exhaustion or "goneness."

While my wife was on my lap I endeavored to find her hair, but could feel nothing back of her forehead. Epes Sargent says, in "Proof Palpable," that a face may be materialized without the cranium. She left me while her face was deathly pale, fell on the medium's lap; failed, apparently to extract the necessary stimulus; slid off on to the carpet and dwindled away; the drapery ascending to the ceiling like a fleecy cloud and disappeared. The medium was not in a very good condition just then—had exhausted her power in singing while entranced.

Mr. Editor, I have told you a strange story; but, if possible, is it less extraordinary than the account of his experience at Terre Haute, related by that old veteran in the cause (while visiting me), the Hon. Warren Chase. But Terre Haute has been "exposed," and Mrs. Crindle ditto, and repeatedly. We have not yet to learn, however, that in this connection the term "exposure" is interchangeable into that of "lying." Warren Chase's testimony would not only neutralize, but would invalidate all the conglomeration of falsehood and villainy that has been put in requisition, to discredit Spiritualism by persecuting an innocent and marvelously gifted woman.

Thank God, the days of thumb-screws and *auto-des* have gone by and forever. G. B. CRANE. St. Helena, Napa Co., Cal., January 1, 1880.

The communication referred to by Mr. Crane in the above most highly valued narrative came to us in the handwriting of the spirit author and wonderful spirit guide, "Bird," and is given below. It certainly displays a most cultivated and lofty mind. It is on plainly ruled paper, but the writing, although in nearly parallel lines, does not follow the ruling. The handwriting is bold, masculine and evidently that of a person accustomed to rapid business writing. We record the communication as most valuable spirit counsel:

"How shall I live on earth to fully enjoy life hereafter?" one questioning mind of your circle bids me answer.

"The goodness of the heart is best shown by deeds of kindness; and love for suffering humanity is truth transcendent over all—fitting you for a happy future. As we, in our happy spirit homes, are drawn within your sphere of thought. We see your receptive minds and would bid you brighten some darkened heartstone; cheer some lonely pilgrim struggling in the dark shadows of your earth life; and doing this, you will benefit your own souls, raising yourselves, step by step, nearer the Infinite, whom we, as spirits, reverentially adore. Not the faded Deity enshrined on Sinai's lofty mount—worshipped by untutored minds—but that mighty power—that life creating principle that speaks from the lowest as well as from the highest of all created objects. Even in the spirit world thousands and millions are now speeding their way, with lightning wings unslacked, in search of Him, high seated on gleaming throne with plumed pen and the Book of Life, wherein are written the names of those predestined to life immortal, throughout eternal space. Such spirits wander unsatisfied until the truth dawns, showing that Heaven or Hell is within themselves and a pure life on earth fits us for a happy life hereafter. BIRD."

In regard to that communication Mr. Crane wrote on the back of it as follows:

"I do not know that it (the communication) was written in that dark cabinet during the ten minutes after he took the blank paper from the table or that this is the identical paper; but I do know that I handed Mrs. Crindle, when alone with her in that cabinet the enclosed question and in from two to four minutes the reply was written on the other side of the same paper all in total darkness, and this about one hour before we received that communication from the same cabinet signed 'Bird.' 'Star Eye' on the left hand corner Mrs. C. said was a little spirit who controlled this, her newest phase of mediumship. Miss McDonald was a most estimable and zealous Presbyterian, who died a few months since."

The question alluded to by Mr. Crane was as follows:

"MISS SARAH McDONALD:—Will you tell me something about the world you are in?"

"Your friend, G. B. CRANE."

The answer was as follows:

"DR. G. B. CRANE:—From sphere to sphere happy spirits join in thankful prayers that the way is opened for interchange of thought between the two worlds."

["Star Eye."] "SARAH McDONALD."

The original question and answer was sent us by Dr. Crane. We regard these incidents of the most intensely interesting character, and cannot but feel that our readers will agree with us. What unaccommodating intelligences these controlling spirits are that they will not abandon their mediums at the behests of the lying, slandering and cheating expositors of mediums! Yet a little while and the exposing of mediums will be a played out occupation.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

UNDERGRADUATE ORIOLES.

[SELECTED.]

Four little mouths agape for ever;
Four little throats which are never full;
Four little nestlings who discover
One big worm by a mighty pull.

Up on a limb—the lazy fellow!
Perches the father, bold and gay,
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,
Always singing through the day.

Close at their side the watchful mother,
Quietly sober in dress and song,
Chooses her place and asks no other,
Flying and gleaming all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,
Four little throats in time are filled;
Four little nestlings quite apparel her,
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father—
His is the care of the singing-school;
He must teach them to fly and gather
Slender worms by the nearest pool.

Singing away on the shaken branches,
Under the light of the happy sun;
Dropping through blossom like avalanches,
Father Oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,
Four little throats are round and strong;
Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,
Graduate in the world of song.

—Public Opinion.

Four Hundred Miles Up Stairs.

"Reading about electricity, lightning and the telegraph, the other day," said Uncle Peter, "reminds me of a story I once heard when I was in England."

It seems that there was a newspaper in the city of Glasgow, in Scotland, which employed a London correspondent. The correspondent made it his duty to gather the news every day, and send it to Glasgow every night by telegraph.

He made an arrangement with an operator in a certain office, by which news was sent to Glasgow at a reduction by the year.

One night he arrived at the lower door at the foot of the stairs leading up into the telegraph office. The door was locked, so he could not open it. The office was away up at the top of the house, in the sixth story. The operator had a bed there to which he retired promptly at three o'clock, and it was now half-past two.

The operator up stairs yawned and looked at his watch. "Jenkins won't come to-night," said he, "I may as well go to bed." And there was poor Jenkins all the time pounding away on the door at the foot of the long stair, unable to get in.

"Hillo, up there!" he cried, looking at the windows of the telegraph office, that glowed with light. "Hillo, Jones! somebody has locked the outside door, and I can't get in."

"What's the row?" asked a policeman, coming along.

"I'm locked out," said Jenkins. "Here, I've got a batch of the most important news for my paper—a murder, three fires and a riot—and the door locked in my face, and I can't get in. What shall I do?"

So the policeman began banging at the door; but Jones, up in the office, was as unconscious of the tumult as if it had been in the moon. He was whistling to himself and yawning prodigiously.

"Why don't you go to some hother hollice?" asked the policeman.

"No authority to use any other line," said the correspondent. "Ah, I've got it!" he added, and before the policeman could ask what it was, the excited Jenkins had dashed off down the street as if a mad dog was after him.

Jenkins rushed breathlessly into another telegraph office, six blocks off. "I say!" said he to the operator, "I'm in a fix! Got news to go off inside of half an hour, and the stupid operator at my office has gone to sleep, and I can't get in—and—and—and—"

"Well that is a fix."

"Tell you what I want," said Jenkins trying to catch his breath, "I want you to telegraph down to Glasgow, and ask the operator there to telegraph to Jones, and bid him come down stairs and let me in."

The operator roared with laughter at this, but went at once to his instrument, and began rattling away at a great rate. This was the message he sent. "Glasgow. Wake up Jones, Station N; tell him Jenkins at foot of the stairs, can't get in."

Jones was looking at his watch again, and concluded that he had better put out the lights, and go to his little bed-room across the hallway, when clatter, clatter, went his instrument.

"There's Glasgow calling me," said Jones, and hurried to his instrument and ticked off—"What's wanting?"

Back came the answer.

"Jenkins down stairs—door fast—let him in."

"Off went Jones down stairs with a rush—threw open the door—and at last the anxious Jenkins got up and sent off his news."

So you see how a man sent a message through a solid door, and up four pair of stairs, four hundred miles around, and by way of Glasgow, and all within twenty minutes. Wasn't that four hundred miles up stairs?—*Guiding Star*.

Little Toddlies.

Perhaps you don't know who little Toddlies is. Well, he is my brother. That ain't his real name; we call him that, 'cause when he sets one foot on the ground, he shakes rather before he puts down the other, 'cause his legs are so short he's afraid to. His real name is Morton.

I'm his sister, just eight years old and one month and a half yesterday; and I'm proud of Toddlies; and so would you be if he was your brother. Wait and see if you wouldn't, when you hear what he did.

My mamma sends me to school in the next block from our house. There ain't many little boys and girls live near us, so Toddlies gets lonely when I am at school and mamma is out. So one day mamma says:

"Spose, Carrie, you take Toddlies with you this morning, 'cause he will be alone at home with Margie"—that's nurse; "and she is going to be very busy, she can't pay much 'tention to him."

Well, of course, Toddlies is a trouble sometimes. And I guess I was cross that morning; for I said, "Oh, bother," and I s'pose I puckered my face up. He had his little brown merino dress on; and he did look dreadful cunning, and so sweet! and he said, with almost the tears in his eyes, "Sister Carrie, oo don't love me." That is the way Toddlies talks, like most little boys, 'bout four do. So I took him, 'cause mamma made me; but I didn't want to, any way.

In our school we have, first, writing, then spelling and then reading. I'm the Second Reader; so my class don't come right away; and I had plenty of time to say to Toddlies he must act just like I always did, and talk just like me, and say, "Yes'm," and everything. I was so 'fraid he wouldn't behave, that I said over and over again, "Toddlies, you must talk just as sister Carrie does to mamma and everybody; you must mind and talk just like Carrie, and whisper."

Well it came Second Reader class; and I had to leave Toddlies by my desk alone, and I just felt I oughtn't to. Well, bime-by Miss Gray said:

"Carrie, please bring me the slate from your desk." And then just as I was starting; "O, no," she said, "I'll ask your little brother; it will give him something to do." And she said, smiling: "Morton, dear, please bring me Carrie's slate."

He was just drawing cats on it, you know—and he loves to do that—and he looked up, and shook his curls, and whispered, with just the sweetest smile, "Oh, bover!" and never stirred. I was the only one who knew what he said, and I was just covered with diffidence; and I said quick: "Please, Miss Gray, I'll get it."

"No," she said, s'prised kinder, "I didn't hear Toddlies. Speak louder, dear."

"Oh, bover!" Toddlies said, smiling still, but right out like that.

Oh, I just wish you had seen how s'prised Miss Gray looked! She most looked as if she might laugh! but of course she didn't mean to.

"Is that, the way a dear little boy with a sweet smile speaks when I say please to him?" she asked.

And Toddlies shook all his curls hard, and said, just as solemn: "No; but sister Carrie do, and sister Carrie said me must talk like her do."

Miss Gray just looked at me so grave! and I b'lieve I'd like to have gone through that floor, if it was wood, and no carpet, and an awful black cellar under.

"Me wanted the slate," said Toddlies.

"Bring it here, dear," Miss Gray said.

So he never cried nor nothing, but toddled right up and gave it to her, just as sweet.

"Now, Toddlies," Miss Gray said, looking at me, too. "You showed us something of how sister Carrie acted when she didn't want to do anything; s'pose you let me see how you act just like yourself."

Toddlies hung his head a moment; and then he looked up (with such a smile) through his curls, and says Toddlies: "Oo may take it wever I want it or not; but—don't oo love me?"

Miss Gray just hugged him; and all the girls said, "What a darling!" And he was, too; but I was awful 'shamed of myself.—*Children's Friend*.

Letter from Madison, Connecticut.

MADISON, CT., Dec. 29th, 1879.

Editor Mind and Matter:

I was much surprised in receiving the receipt for the specified time; I intended the stamps for the papers you sent, and the one you sent me afterward, as the one I wrote for, feeling that was not enough to pay for them. Now I intend, or rather have a man's word, that he will give \$3 in a few weeks to send to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, as directed by MIND AND MATTER, through your care. Then I will take the *Olive Branch*; I think that a good paper. Then we can both have time to read, as both will be directed to me. I do hope I shall not fail in sending the letter, or rather to influence the gentleman to send it, as it was his own proposition, and I shall hold him to his word.

I feel that you are truly appointed to do a great work, not only for humanity, but also for the enlightenment of the poor ignorant spirits; or rather you are an instrument for those higher powers to accomplish the greatest work ever appointed to any one in mortal life. Lorenzo Dow said the Catholics never would rule America. He was the greatest source, in his day; to the Roman Church. Why do I write to one who knows more in one day than I do in my whole lifetime?

I know your time is too sacred to hardly spend time to read my scribble. I do want to ask a favor of you, although I am at a loss about it; but asking will do no harm, and it may be in my power to reward you fourfold. My sister is a trance medium not yet developed, or only partly so. Her health has been poor for a long time; if you could send one of Blackfoot's magnetized papers, I think it would be a great help to her, as she is weakening in health quite fast now. And as Blackfoot says he goes everywhere, I think he will come here willingly, as my husband has stood alone and faced the whole town with one lady medium. The use of the hall was denied her; also the school house; and then she spoke from our front door to a good and intelligent audience. I wish my husband in spirit life would come through the message department in your paper. Oh, what a glorious mission is yours! And may the good angels ever guide you to the fountain of all truth, in my earnest prayer.

Mrs. G. N. WILCOX.

P. S.—When my husband passed on, nearly three years ago, the trustees refused me the use of the Church, as I sent for a Spiritualist to attend his funeral. It was my husband's wish to have one of his belief to officiate. I could do no less—it was the last request. It was a source of pleasure to me, and ever will be, that I granted his request. I wondered then, and do now, how the poor woman spoke at all, for O such spite as was manifested at the time. If it had only been a Christian minister, no matter of what creed, the Church would have been opened. That was what one woman said. G. N. W.

Wm. Jordan, Thornton, Mich., forwarding club writes: "Feeling desirous of aiding you in some way as well as advancing the ever blessed cause of Spiritualism, I struck out on foot and made a trip of about eight miles, and got you three new subscribers, that won't drop your paper for years to come if it continues as interesting as it is at the present time, and in a few days I shall be able to send you at least three more. You took a wise step when you increased the size of MIND AND MATTER and forgot to increase the price. Brother Roberts you may be truly proud of the victory you have achieved over the spirit as well as the mundane enemies of Spiritualism."

MIND AND MATTER FREE CIRCLE.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

MONDAY, Jan. 5th, M. S. 32.

After the usual invocation the following questions were asked and answered:

Question. Why did God put a lying spirit into the mouths of his prophets to compass the death of Ahab?

Answer. This text is used in the figurative and symbolic, not in any absolute sense. God knows just what to expect of his creatures here, and that none of them will act any wiser than they know. The "lying spirits" means the inner spiritual nature of man, and it means that God lets this work. He lets your conditions damn you because you do not exercise the God of man's life, which is reason. And here I will say that the saying "Evil to him who evil thinks" is in place here. If you have a good, pure and holy foundation in yourself you need not fear lying spirits or mortals.

Q. (Misleading.)

A. A singular question, that. But do you not know that if you commit any excess, or violate any of the laws of your being, that you have to suffer a terrible atonement. There is many a rich dyspeptic who has a hell within him, and such as one of fire and brimstone would make a poor comparison with. So in your spirit life all the mortal conditions through which you have passed are impressed upon your spirit. You carry those impressions with you there and you will find these impressions just as much hell as you can get through with. The torture portrayed by clergymen is physical. What man or woman, with their bodily aches and pains have not had one hour of mental torture that overbalanced all physical suffering? Mental torture or a sad retrospect of your wasted mortal existence becomes the hell of the spirit life, and you will find this, if you call it a myth, something that you will be glad to be rid of as soon as possible.

Q. Does the great circle of peace, now in session over this city, desire us to make any conditions for its materialization which it can specify?

A. There are two principles in nature ever struggling for supremacy. One is called good, the other evil—one is called perfection, the other imperfection. These two qualities or principles have other names. They are called peace and war, and when an evil becomes so great that there is no other way of righting it, then we resort to war; and, as out of evil comes good, so out of war comes peace. Each and every one of you can become a party in forwarding a perpetual peace, and how will you do this? Simply by taking advantage of your circumstances and environments, and in this way you can help forward all peaceful spirits. No one can do any more than their circumstances will allow, therefore it is useless for any one person to think they can revolutionize the world. They can start it forward but their efforts will fail for want of followers. Every idea thrown out upon the world becomes a ministering angel to those who can receive that idea. To others it is useless. When you speak therefore, do so, so as to meet every one's wants and in this way you forward the cause of peace. It is true that our boasted civilization is given by the observation of a gentleman to his son not long ago. He said the difference between civilization and barbarism is that the one cuts off the heads of its enemies at a distance of a mile or more, while barbarism cuts them off with a sabre. In this lies the whole secret of advancement. When men invent such engines of destruction, that none others can compete with them then peace will come. Peace can only be obtained by fear of personal consequences. As long as individuals find it to their interest to go to war, you will find no peace; and when by peace they find they have battered their condition, they will be the advocates of peace. I have dwelt on this question because there is more prospect of war than peace. It will be well to reflect upon what I have said to you, to-day, because it will be beneficial to you.

Q. Do the ancient spirits bring any scientific or philosophic power to the earth?

A. It is rather difficult to answer this question, for this reason—it is like the school-boys say, "They do and don't—they will and they won't." Spirits long departed and entered into scientific spheres in the after life are only useful in this way. When you mortals give them the conditions to force a thought into the matter of this universe, then they can help you. The matter of this universe contains its own fulfillment—its own finality—and the only way any ancient spirit can help you is when you open the way for them to do so. However great, grand and noble, they can in no case and under no conditions advance a thought or project an idea into this universe other than the time, place and conditions will allow; because if they had this power in their anxiety to force these ideas they would ruin the great finality. If you want aid from this class of spirits you must let them come when you have prepared the way, and you get no more than you are prepared to receive.

Q. Is there any detriment to the cause of spiritual truth in the fact of various bodies of Spiritualists meeting separately, or divided in different organizations?

A. This question is one that I think valuable at the present time. There is an old saying that a house divided against itself cannot stand. This may be true, but it is not true in the absolute. For, look at the schisms, to-day, in Christianity, and yet you may say it is all powerful. Any Spiritualists who cannot meet on the same platform, had better meet separately than not at all. We are only now as spirits throwing out the probabilities, these will be followed by the possibilities. To-day we have lifted up the flood-gates of reason and terrible is the commotion to hear. Therefore Spiritualists take as much of the truth as you can bear. If you cannot bear to have your idols swept away then approach it gradually. In the language of Jesus, it is better to have a part of the body to suffer than all should be lost; and, therefore, in your different meetings, all the way from the young chickens crawling out of the eggs of Christianity to the full-fledged Spiritualist, who says, "I know but one God, and that is my reason," let all act as far as they can. Even the newly hatched Spiritualist will reach the latter position in time. Therefore, go on with your little gatherings and they will all flow together and make up that stone cut out of the mountain, spoken of by Daniel, and will make all men acknowledge the truth.

Q. What will the harvest of Spiritualism be?

A. As well might you ask of me the day and hour when the millennium will take place as to ask me that question. I cannot answer it, because I am not infinite. I am as finite as you are. The only difference is, that I am one step higher on the road of eternal progress. The harvest of Spirit-

itualism will be what you Spiritualists make it. Remember, that each one of you is responsible for the sowing of the seeds of truth. As you sow, so shall you reap. It is the duty of every Spiritualist—the duty of the hour—to be fearless in expressing his or her views regardless of consequences, and the harvest of Spiritualism will be so great that it will be difficult to find laborers enough to gather it in. Therefore, all of you put your shoulder to the wheel, or, having put your hand to the plow, never look back. Remember, Spiritualists, your destiny lies before, not behind you.

Q. What good is Spiritualism? What good has it done? This is a question often asked. Will you enumerate a few of the good things it has done since its advent some thirty-one or thirty-two years ago?

A. There are three kinds of Spiritualists that must be enumerated in order to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the question. First—the Spiritualists that exist in your churches, but who are not acknowledged as such. Second—the half-way Spiritualists between the church and the motto, "I dare to think for myself." These two classes of Spiritualists have only accomplished this much—they have kept the door half open. They have stationed sentinels there to examine your passports, and if they do not agree with their views, they want to shut you out of the spirit life. There is one class of Spiritualists who have done good and who are now doing good. It is those fearless men and women who have stood up and knocked the scales of superstition from the eyes of their fellows—such as Theodore Parker and Judge Edmunds. These are the men who have made Modern Spiritualism what it is to-day. Such Spiritualists say, "I know the truth and dare maintain it." These have done good, because they have said, "Away with priests—away with those half-closed doors—open them wide; let all nations—all peoples—enter them; for all human beings are equally the children of God with any king or priest. In this way radical Spiritualists have accomplished much. Not but that the others have done some good, too, but it has been evanescent like the passing cloud that never rains. It has stopped the heat of the sun, but it has furnished no moisture to the poor famishing soil. Spiritualism has done good, because it offers you eternal progression in the after life. It does you good, because it advocates many things that will do you good materially as well as spiritually. It takes in all the issues of the day, and finally, it is the true teacher of the Golden Rule.

Q. Is the spirit of man in quality, nature and character superior to that of the lower animals. If so, wherein is its superiority?

A. This question in order to be fully understood should be dwelt upon at least one hour, because details are necessary in order to be understood; but to be brief and give you as much as possible in a short time, the difference between man and the lower animals, I will say, is this. Man's spirit is the highest outcome of this universe, and it is the result of the development of consciousness. Consciousness implies movement of a body with intelligence to direct its action. There you have the idea as clearly as I am able to give it, between the spirit of man and the consciousness of the lower animals. Each planet goes through the same process, although the matter of it may take a different divergence. But to come back. Life, in the lower animals when they come to die, shows a desire to live on, and on this account it is claimed that animals have the right to immortality. But if they had not this instinct, they would not be able to protect their lives. An animal might as well be blind as not to have this desire of self preservation. There are two qualities working through time, organisms and consciousness that allows animals just as much as is necessary to protect them, but when you reach the intelligence of man, then you deal with something that has aspiration—has inspiration—has hopes—has desires—has longings for something in the beyond that this mortal life has been inadequate to supply, and is the highest development that we can know exists. The difference between man of to-day, and of man to be is this. There are senses lying dormant in you that in future will meet the proper conditions, and then become alive and act. The difference between man and the lower animals is the eternal desire for something beyond that which he enjoys. As nature has provided for all the wants of each creature in its environment, so is the spiritual state prepared for man that he may there reach the culmination of all his desires.

This ended the questions and answers. The following communications were then given:

FRANCIS GILLETTE.

Strange that all labor reform—that, in fact, all political reform is retarded by the theology of to-day. Why is this so? Simply because men have not positive enough force of character to stand up and give vent to their convictions which are necessary for the redemption of man. Instead of flying off through stellar space to seek a redeemer, every man and woman must be their own redeemer. First redeem yourself, and then you will be fit to reform others. How many politicians to-day, with their minds all alive to the true issues who are willing to fight this ecclesiastical power that surrounds them, yet they are like a South American in the folds of a boa-constrictor. When they shall learn to advocate that which their reason tells them is true, then will you all become blessed, and until then you will be cursed. Redemption lies in every man's hands. Liberty, how many men have died for thee! How many women have made the greatest sacrifices for thee! and yet I doubt whether there is a single man or woman, who knows the difference between liberty and license. This beautiful principle will be the good of all mankind when fully understood and appreciated, and until it is, this love power will remain in abeyance, for only out of love will come liberty. This principle stands prominent, and when put in execution it will help you to eradicate evil and establish the eternal supremacy of the good.

In this mortal life, I filled many important positions. Whether I filled them well or not, I leave to posterity to judge. I suppose that like all persons I was a mixture of good and evil, at sometimes the good prevailed with me and sometimes the evil. It said, "An open confession is good for the soul." We do not come here to give advice without receiving some good from it ourselves. No spirit will work for you if you do not work for them. It must be mutually beneficial. I needed a certain quality that I will not name. I am here to-day, as the bee that seeks honey from the flowers; so my spirit comes here to find that quality of mind, in order that I may reach my happiness

in spirit. I departed this life at Hartford, Conn. I have many relations in different parts of the Union. I do not wish to enter upon any topic relating to private affairs; because my friends can communicate with me by going to a medium privately. I was known when here as

FRANCIS GILLETTE,
Honorable so-called.

MARY I. AUGEE.

GOOD AFTERNOON—I was brought up on the Quaker plan, but I had left out my thees and thous before I departed to the spirit life. It seems to me that in spirit you look around upon your relations and friends and in fact the first thing that strikes you upon your entrance into spirit life is this: "I never thought people were such hypocrites." You look into their surroundings and you see each spirit surrounded by this sensitive ether like a halo all around them, and when you look at this you see the true character of the man or woman. They carry this with them; so in spirit you are not as apt to be led astray by bad company as you are here, for you have only to open your eyes and look, and these tablets that surround each spirit will show you their character. I do not want to make any reflection on my friends, but I must confess I was very much disappointed. Those who held high seats, now seem to be holding low positions. I have not been long in spirit, but long enough to find this out, and I must say, with the spirit that preceded me, I must confess I was no better than I ought to have been myself. I only come here to throw a little light upon my experiences and show them that I still live. My name here was, MARY I. AUGEE, West Chester, Penna.

BILL FLANNAGAN.

GOOD DAY, SIR.—Be jabbers I died a good Catholic and I am one yet. None of your half-way shops for me. I went in strong for the Holy Virgin and although I've not found her, be jabbers I am going to hold on. When I was here I was a lively old gentleman, one of the old school; and the only trouble I found in this spirit place over here, was that they don't cultivate the real. You may talk about the essences of things, but give me the substantial. Be jabbers you'd laugh to see the crowd over here—a whole gang of us sitting around in a ring and talking of the good old time we had here. I could never understand about this spirit body business; but here comes in the worst part of it, be jabbers, to live off of essences. If this is not purgatory there never was one. Here is a poor devil dying for a drop and can't get it. •

BILL FLANNAGAN,
Of Mobile, Alabama.

JAMES PORTER.

GOOD DAY, SIR.—There is a blank, followed by a redish kind of light. It seems to me I've travelled an immense journey to get here? but I want to say this, that when I came over here to spirit, sometimes I believed there was such a thing—a kind of betwixt and between; but it seems I am alive yet anyhow, and I am sure I let go my grip on my old body, for I saw it put in the grave. I come here merely to say there is quite a change in my views, body, and everything else. The first thing I did was to find a glass, to see whether I was myself; but the only glass I found was an old aunt, and she said, "Jim, have you got over here?" Everything is natural, and yet it is unnatural. I wanted to bring some of it here to-day—some of this body of mine; but it appears it vanishes from you when you get within the circle here. How it occurs, I don't know. I'm trying to find out. All the people down Jersey will be glad to hear from me.

JAMES PORTER,
Millville, N. J.

DR. JOHN POOLE.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR.—It is something like eleven years since I passed to spirit life. When here I was a doctor of the flesh; I am now a doctor in spirit. Has spirit diseases? Yes—horrible moral diseases. Depraved earth-bound natures are in a sphere of darkness indeed; but still, no child of the Infinite can or will be lost. You will all be saved; but it depends on yourselves whether you will be saved right away, or whether you will remain in darkness for an indefinite period. You can, by starting your earth life properly, become at once happy in the spirit life; so, therefore, I would advise every one to make a proper preparation in the way of right thinking and right acting here. It is very seldom asked of a spirit what he or she believes. The question is, "What have you done to alleviate the sufferings and unhappiness of humanity?" If you have done this, whatever your belief, it will soon be all right, because your belief can be rectified; but you cannot atone, at least very soon, for an ill-spent or profitless life. Therefore, do all that you can, in your every-day life, to make up an account that you will be happy to see in the spirit life; and that account is this: when you see your fellow-beings that you helped in your mortal state, and then come and enter your sphere in the after life, you will receive in value of what you have given here, a hundred fold in happiness in the hereafter; because the spirit body becomes healed of all its wounds that it took with it from its mortal state. The moment any friend comes forward and places his hand upon the spirit in return for kindness done, the reward is realized in full.

As I am growing weak, I have a few words to say, to my friends in Vernon.

DR. JOHN POOLE,
Bradford, Vermont.

That able paper, MIND AND MATTER, has just commenced its second volume. Its size is increased one-sixth, and now comes in eight pages instead of four. For a long time the editor has been publishing his "Experiences with the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism," and they are still appearing in every issue. The price of this weekly journal is \$2.15 per year, with a choice of one out of the three following premiums: "The Dawning Light," a picture of the birthplace of Modern Spiritualism, at Hydesville, N. Y., where the Fox girls lived; "The Orphans' Rescue," an angel father and mother hovering over their two children, a son and daughter, in a boat nearing a fearful cutwater; and "Homeward Bound," a home scene. Size each 22 by 28 inches. This is a good opportunity to get an able spiritual paper and a beautiful picture for framing, at a very moderate cost. Address, J. M. Roberts, Publisher and editor, 713 Sansom st., Philadelphia, Pa.—The Westfield (N. Y.) Messenger.

THE SPIRIT WORLD OF BEAUTY.

In that spirit world of beauty,
Which no mortal eye may see—
Where the path of love and duty
To the pure in heart is free—
Where no deepening countless shadows,
Brooding round the shores of time,
Are exchanged for fadeless glories,
And the life that is sublime—

Golden links are ever binding
You to those who've gone before—
Where no mists of time can blind them,
Nought can blind them evermore.
Say not then that life is darkening—
Darkening round you evermore;
There are spirits hovering near you,
Coming from the spirit shore.

Well thou knowest life is glorious,
Since the aims are to do right;
Such a life must be victorious,
O'er the highest sons of night.
All have thoughts and all have actions;
Each bespeaks the heart within—
Each one has their destined mission,
Whether praise or blame they win.

[The above beautiful lines were improvised in this office through Mrs. Lamb, a medium of Philadelphia, while entranced. Mrs. Lamb had called to see us, and while relating her experiences as a medium with Gen. George B. McClellan, Secretary Stanton and other distinguished men during the war, she was entranced, and the poem was spoken. Its author gave his name as John Butler, who said he was known as the "Poet Soldier," of Dublin, Ireland.—Ed.]

Thoughts From the Spirit Land.

BY S. L. MCCRACKEN.

REASON.

Reason is God's throne within you. Could you better understand its dictates—better unfold its powers—you would not have so many dwarfed souls as are with you, to-day, groping about blindly—knowing not whither they go—worshipping an unknown God—while He they seek is within them, seated upon His throne; while they should be learners at his footstool.

Let reason then hold sway, and teach the millions God is near—not afar off—but ever with you. All should seek to understand His ways and draw nearer to Him through a better knowledge of divine laws which govern all things. "Know thyself," and thou wilt know more of God.

NATURE.

All nature teems with grand possibilities. Up the great stairway of thought the millions climb to a better fruition of power. Nature, in all her revelations, is an able teacher; her voice should be heard distinctly to be understood.

God speaks through all things, giving man the power to gather and embody, from out of all beneath him. In His divine love He is manifest and omnipresent.

Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 15, M. S. 32.

Book Notices.

Shakespeare: A Biographic Aesthetic Study. By George H. Culvert, Boston, Lee & Shepard. 12mo., pp. 212.

This is the work of a gentleman and a scholar, one of delicate taste to perceive the beauties of the great poet, but not of any particular originality or force. He is what our fathers used to call a dilettante, a lover of the beautiful in literature and art, rather than a thinker. The great question which interests scholars nowadays is, how it happens that a man "with small Latin and less Greek," born in humble circumstances and living among players, with no advantages of education, travel or society, could have exhibited the marvellous knowledge of books, of history and natural history, of society, of physics and metaphysics, that incredible command of ideas and language which Shakespeare possessed. The theory started by Delia Bacon, that Lord Bacon was the real author of the plays, which go by the name of Shakespeare, has commanded the assent of many learned and wise men, but Spedding, the editor of Bacon's works, considers it out of the question, and so do we. There is another alternative and that is that Shakespeare was a medium for the utterance of higher intelligences than himself. This hypothesis, knowing what we do, would solve all the difficulties of the case. We do not care to press it, but we throw it out for consideration. Meantime, this little work of Mr. Culvert's will well repay perusal.

A Remarkable Cure.

I feel it a duty to inform the public in general in reference to a cure perfected; treatment given by Dr. Phoebe W. Cooper, 470 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.

About seven years ago I was thrown from a carriage, injuring my head seriously; my ear being so cut and bruised from the fall, it had to be taken off. Never recovering from this fall, my health gave way. About the third of February, 1870, I was much disabled from a stroke of paralysis, affecting the head so much that a general swimming seemed to be in the brain, disabling me from any of my duties in life, but a constant care and anxiety for them to cure for, so feeble was I in everything I attempted to do. My doctor told me a small blood vessel was flowing through my brain and nature would have to take it away.

In this feeble condition it still kept growing worse. In the meantime Norris Muris, of West Chester, recommended me to try what Dr. P. W. Cooper's treatment would do in my case. I am happy to report to the public that under her treatment and care a cure has been perfected.

Dr. Cooper's treatment is mild and pleasant, producing natural sleep. It purifies the blood, equalizes the circulation, and strengthens the general nervous system.

"Through Nature's art alone fulfilled,
As suffering one to health restored
Without the aid of medicine."

MARGARET EMERY.

Birch Run, Chester Co., Pa.

Benj. T. Stamm, 250 Second St., Detroit, Mich., writes: "Having received a number of copies of your valuable paper in lieu of the *Spiritual Offering* and the same being nearly completed, I am desirous of becoming a subscriber. I therefore desire to take advantage of your offer, and enclosed find a sealed letter to my daughter in spirit land, which you will forward to Dr. J. V. Mansfield. Also four postage stamps and three dollars to pay my subscription to your valuable paper. I like it particularly because it harmonizes with my idea always entertained, since I read the first number of the *R.-P. Journal*, as published by the redoubtable Catholic colonel. May you flourish so long as you honestly pursue a course calculated to uncover dishonesty, crime and hypocrisy, and unfold truth in the search for it. Let us prove all things and hold fast to that which is good."

MIND AND MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 17, M. S. 32.

Entered at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., as second-class matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
Second Story, No. 743 Sanson Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

J. M. ROBERTS, PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

Mind and Matter Free Circle.

We will, on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, have a free public circle at this office, which will be continued weekly on Monday afternoons at the same hour until further notice, at which Alfred James will sit as the medium. A portion of the time will be given to the answering of questions by the controlling spirits.

Our Premiums.

Steel-plate engravings of the "Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism," "Homeward," and "The Orphans' Rescue," are choice works of art. Each subscriber, old or new, has a choice of one free. Any present subscriber sending a new subscriber's name is entitled to one free. Let each subscriber favor us with a new subscriber and thus possess both pictures free.

Read description of pictures and full particulars on another page. A little effort on your part, small in comparison to our efforts, would triple our list of subscribers in sixty days.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield's Offer.

Dear Brother Roberts:

You may say to all that will send you a new subscription, for \$3.00 they may send with it a sealed letter and I will write to it free of charge. This offer may stand open from October 4th, for three months, ending February 4th, 1880. All letters to be sent to you and forwarded to me and returned to you after written to. Each letter must be accompanied with four three-cent postage stamps to pay postage on said communications to those for whom they are written.

Respectfully,
J. V. MANSFIELD,
No. 61 W. Forty-second St.

Instructions to those who desire answers to sealed letters:—In writing to the departed spirit should be always addressed by full name and the relation they bear the writer, or one soliciting the response. Seal your letters properly, do not stitch them, as it defaces the writing matter. The letters, to secure attention, must be written in the English language. Persons accepting this offer are not entitled to our premiums.

W. J. COLVILLE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. W. J. Colville, the great inspirational medium, who has been doing such grand work in the cause of Spiritualism since he arrived in America, one year ago, in New England and elsewhere, made his first visit to Philadelphia on New Year's day. Mr. Colville was on his way to Chicago to exchange rostrums with Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Having notified Col. S. P. Kase that he would have a few hours time in this city, and that he would devote a part of them to the services of his guides, at a parlor entertainment to be given at his hospitable residence; Col. K. invited a large company of friends to meet Mr. Colville, to make the acquaintance of the latter, and to enjoy the feast of reason which the high reputation of Mr. C. promised them. The large rooms were filled with a most intelligent and appreciative assemblage. We were most happy and fortunate to be able to make one of the number, and particularly gratified to make the acquaintance of this extraordinary young gentleman.

After some time spent in the enjoyment of very fine music, Mr. Colville yielded to his control, and delivered a long and most instructive and impressive discourse, particularly adapted to the opening of the New Year. The spirit who first controlled and had made the address, gave his name as George Thompson, the great English philanthropist and champion of Freedom. The address was in every way worthy and characteristic of that unselfish and fearless man. We were gratified to find ourselves in perfect accord with all the views that this distinguished spirit expressed. Especially was that the case in relation to the conflict of efforts which has been raging in the spirit spheres between the spirit friends and the spirit enemies of Modern Spiritualism. We deeply regret that we were not prepared to take down this address for publication.

At the close of Mr. Thompson's address, another of Mr. Colville's guides took control, and announced his readiness to answer questions. A half hour or more was devoted to that most entertaining and instructive purpose. Having answered all the questions asked, most satisfactorily, the control asked for a subject for an inspirational poem. A subject having been selected for the poem, without a moment of reflection, the control composed a long, beautiful, poetical composition.

It was then announced that if another subject should be chosen, that the guides of Mr. Colville would alternate with the guides of Mrs. R. Shepard, in composing poetical illustrations of the subject chosen. This was done, when a truly novel manifestation of the limitless mental resources of the guides of these two distinguished mediums was given. Each medium recited two distinct poems on the one subject, all of them being of rare merit as improvised productions.

We will long remember our gratification at being present at so interesting an entertainment. When the seance broke up, the hour was late, and Mr. Colville and friend, were obliged to hasten their departure in order to reach the midnight train for the West.

We congratulate the Spiritualists of Chicago on having among them, this young but shining light in the galaxy of distinguished mediums.

FREDERICK F. COOK TAKES A HAND AND A VERY POOR HAND IT PROVES TO BE.

Out in that great Western city, Chicago, flourishes an egotist named Frederick F. Cook, who has been permitted to cavort around, in Western fashion, until he imagines he is "a five-horse team with a dog under the wagon." His foolishness has gone far enough and we propose to see what his real heft may be, before he manages to get things in the tangle which he imagines he has accomplished. In the last issue of the *Banner of Light*, Mr. Cook has a paper entitled, "Is anything settled?"

In reply to that question we answer, yes—decidedly yes. After reading Mr. Cook's argument to show that nothing is settled, we decide without any hesitation that his article settles the question, that Mr. Cook has not the first qualification for the censorship which he has absurdly assumed.

If Mr. Cook questions our judgment in the premises, we would like him to inform us what he knows upon the subject he undertakes to determine. We fail to find the first idea in Mr. Cook's many words that has one particle of practical value to himself or any one else. If he has an idea upon the subject, it is manifestly unsettled, in as much as we find him so obfuscated about it, as to ask of his readers, "Is anything settled?"

We would deem it wholly unnecessary to take any notice of the "unsettled" views of Mr. Cook had he not gone considerably out of his way to try and place himself and publication in the same category of confusion in which he admits his own muddled ideas to be. As it is our business, to make known our position, and to see that that position is not misrepresented by the muddled vagaries of critics of the Cook order, we will ask the indulgence of our readers while we attend to Mr. Cook's application for our notice of him. Mr. Cook says:

"WHAT NEEDS MENDING."

"Thus the spirit-world from the very beginning of this movement has dwelt upon the necessity for toleration and clarity but under one pretext or another—always in the name of right and truth of course—there has been exhibited a spirit of intolerance, not fully settling the days of the incertitude."

Again, while the movement daily justifies itself, as most wisely ordered and managed by the invisibles, a determination to manifest among a certain class of Spiritualists to turn the phenomena into particular directions for particular ends, and in the last analysis, selfish ends. At the same time we hear from this quarter that nothing is more to be deprecated in this movement than assumption of leadership."

"While both extremes are trying the spirits, each against the other—and while one shouts 'frauds and diabolism' and the other returns the cry of 'Jesuits'—it is only their blindness which prevents them from seeing that it is themselves who are being 'tricked and exposed' to everybody and everything that is used to comply with its 'conditions'—it was wisely ordered that a power arise in peaceful Quakerdom that should rush to the other extreme. Personally I have enjoyed the squabble immensely. While the attack instituted from this latitude was ill-mannered and superciliously dictatorial, the defence has often reminded me of the indelicate onslaught of the chivalric Don Quixote. The leader of the Chicago cabal, with a confidence that is ever the concomitant of ignorance, over each wind and if he is not now reeling the whirlwind, I am no judge of hurricanes."

"So clearly do I see the end, that I find it difficult to refrain from indulging in prophecy. However, I will now content myself with adjuring Spiritualists to assume the position of interested spectators rather than partisans. Let the lessons that are coming to light be taken to heart seriously, so seriously that a repetition of the present conflict may in the future be avoided."

We ask of you, dear reader, whether any man, laying any claims to honesty and manly fairness, would have written such a string of groundless insinuations; or whether any friendly journal would have published such mean and sneaking mistatements in relation to a contemporary whose fearless and straightforward course the editor and proprietors of that journal were too selfish and too cowardly to emulate. We hold Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich as even more responsible for that attempt to place us in a false position, than we do the penny-a-liner Bohemian of the Chicago *Times* whom they employed to throw mud, for them, at a man they have not dared openly to face. We have no doubt that Messrs. Colby and Rich, of the *Banner of Light*, have, with their hired trumpeter, "personally enjoyed the squabble immensely" which they, in their complacent imagination, have supposed was going on between Chicago and Quakerdom. We propose to increase their mental enjoyment, by showing that their malignity and hypocrisy are too apparent to profit them in their little game of jealous selfishness. We are greatly mistaken if the Boston Don Quixotes and their Chicago Sancho Panza do not find that windmill in Quakerdom a little too firmly set to be shaken by their puerile assaults. These journalistic generators of "the tranquil influence of the *Banner of Light*" will find that they have been generating entirely too much of that "tranquil influence of the *Banner of Light* at this critical juncture" to be of any adequate value to Spiritualism or Spiritualists. These gentlemen may affect to enjoy the "tranquil influence" of which they boast; but they will pardon us if we fail to see in the light of their manifest jealousy of the efforts we have been making to strike down the open and secret foes, who have been doing all they could to destroy Modern Spiritualism. We want you, gentlemen, to understand, that you will fare no better than the foe, if you seek to arrest our blows, intended only for them.

Messrs. Colby, Rich and Cook, will you have the manliness to state specifically what you mean, when you say, through the latter, "a determination is manifesting among a certain class of Spiritualists to turn the phenomena into particular directions for particular ends, and in the last analy-

sis, selfish ends?" Who comprises that class? Into what particular ends? What selfish ends? Gentlemen, is not that carrying presumption a little too far? We protest against your assumption to measure other people's motives by your own measure. If there are any persons connected with journalism, either in or out of Spiritualism, who are so completely working to selfish ends, as these wholesale insinuations, we want some one to point them out to us. To such an extent has selfishness prevailed in the management of the *Banner of Light*, that its proprietors are mean enough to screen themselves behind a mercenary Bohemian scribbler, from that mupane prototype of Purgatory, Chicago, in order to escape from the retaliation that they feared their meanness would provoke. The excuse trumped up by this trio, for their wholly unwarranted misrepresentation of our position as editor of a spiritual journal, is characteristic of these copiers of "Artful Dodger." They say:

"An effort is being made to embroil the *Banner of Light* in this unseemly controversy."

What effort of that kind has been made? How was it made? When was it made? By whom was it made? Can you answer? Dare you answer? If you do not, you cannot escape the responsibility of having falsified, in order to give a color of justification for your dishonest attempt to injure us and the paper we are conducting.

Let your readers know, if you dare, the facts which justify your contemptible effort to curry favor at our expense. That we do these gentlemen no injustice, is manifest from this specimen of the Ephraim Smooth order of pious hypocrisy. Speaking for the three Mr. Cook says:

"More and more are Spiritualists longing for the day when the perplexities that beset their pathway shall be dispelled only in a candid, becoming manner, and to deprive them of the tranquil influence of the *Banner of Light* at this most critical juncture, would be like closing the sheltering haven in the face of a storm-tossed mariner."

There, reader, was there ever a more craven whine than that sent up from the lips of cowering poltroons, to be spared the lash of outraged justice? True it is, indeed, that conscience makes cowards of wrong doers. They who are battling honestly and loyally for Truth are not thinking of "sheltering havens" against the storms that beset that queenly sovereign. Their only thought is how they may reach and grapple with her assailants. Don't be too badly frightened, gentlemen, the "juncture" is not near so "critical" as your selfish and timid imaginations lead you to believe. At any rate the "juncture" is not so "critical" as to warrant you in fleeing with that "Banner of Light," into that "sheltering haven" of "tranquil influence," while truth and her defenders are bleeding at every pore at the hands of her myriads of assailants. If you are too craven to bear that "Banner" aloft in front of the foe, give it into the hands of some one who will carry it and keep it there. This is no "juncture" for cravens, to be color-bearers. In the name of Truth, we call upon you to plant those colors, or fall in your tracks. You will not be permitted to demoralize the forces of Modern Spiritualism by your panic-stricken conduct. The place for cowards is in the rear, but every color must remain in the battle front. Steady, friends. The battle is hot and heavy, but brave hearts and sturdy arms are hurrying to your support, a mighty host, sent to your relief from supernal realms.

We would have been glad to have followed the lead of our veteran contemporary, the *Banner of Light*, in the advance of the Spiritual movement; and have sought to have that journal lead the advancing column of Spiritualism, but it has sunk by the wayside discouraged, if not helpless. The work in hand compels us to go on without it. We seek no "sheltering haven" nor do the true, faithful and devoted friends of Spiritualism, anywhere. They seek the discharge of duty and will not skirrk it; neither will they seek to detract from the merits of their standard bearers or tolerate it in others.

Gentlemen of the *Banner of Light*, we are not "immensely" amused at your infatuation in placing your good name and fame in the keeping of a literary Bohemian. We pity you. Better dismiss the bungler and try to recover your lost ground. Spiritualists are a forgiving people, or they would have called you to an account long since for your selfish and cowardly indifference to the true interests of the cause you claim to advocate.

At any rate, we advise you not to put yourselves in our way, with any intention of impeding or interfering with our movements. We are in earnest, and will not be over nice in our manner of clearing our path of your obstruction. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

We regret exceedingly that we have to chronicle the demise of the *Independent Age*, of Alliance, Ohio. The last number of that publication seems to have been issued with the sole purpose of announcing its discontinuance. We feared some such result, when we saw those lurid flashes of *The Lightning* in Alliance. What between Christian Spiritualism, the slandering of Mr. Bennett, and the affiliations of its editor with Col. Bundy of the *R.-P. Journal*, it was a necessity it should die. When will such innocents learn enough to know how to keep out of danger. In view of this sad catastrophe we incline to think it is not a wholesome draught to mix Spiritualism with either Christianity or Materialism. At any rate a good drink of that mixture did the business for the *Independent Age*. Peace to its ashes!

ALLEGORIES FROM THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

It was the saying of the ancient philosopher Cebes, that for man there is only one desirable possession, that is the wisdom which is the employment of reason, and there is only one real and supreme evil to dread, that is folly. Even the child instinctively feels this; he seeks truth as naturally as he does his mother's milk; and with the sincere milk of the word he must be fed ere he can digest strong meat. He cannot understand, for example, that the property of cold is to contract all bodies subject to it; but if you tell your baby that Jack Frost will catch him, you tell him what is true for him, but also that which his mind is destined to outgrow. In like manner, you do not explain to him that the property of sin is to cause suffering, but you tell him the Naughty Man will get him if he tells a lie. Just so it is with the written fables in which the Church has seen fit to preserve the kernel of truth and hand it down from age to age. Religious dogma is a nursery story, and provided it be ingenious and of a wholesome moral, it is perfectly true even yet for the child, and the father of the family would be a fool to contradict it. But let us, men and women, the readers of MIND AND MATTER, put away childish things. Let us leave to the mother the monopoly of marvellous stories, the duty of rocking the cradle and the privilege of cooing nursery songs. Maternity is the type of the priesthood, and it is because the Church ought to be nothing but a mother that the Catholic priest renounces his manhood and abjures in advance his right to be a father. The papacy is a universal mother, or it is nothing; and children, whether of larger or smaller growth, are its proper subjects.

What is true of the childhood of the individual is true of the childhood of humanity at large. The fables of antiquity served a useful purpose in protecting the growing fruit of the tree of knowledge. But the time comes when the chestnut of truth ripens in the frost of criticism: the prickly burr opens, and lo! the meat appears. In the history of the human intellect that time has now come, and the effort of every lover of his kind should be to break the outside shell of allegory and fable which, in all the Bibles of the world, hides the kernel of truth, and to reveal the hidden meaning of the Holy Scriptures. Especially in a free and enlightened country like the United States, the veil of parables and hieroglyphical signs ought not any longer to conceal the naked truth. The sacred books, whose keys are all cabalistic, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, are become so little intelligible nowadays that it is not without some reason that the Catholic Church forbids the indiscriminate reading of them to the laity. Taken in the letter, and understood in a material way, these books, as has been too well demonstrated by the school of Voltaire and Tom Paine, are nothing but an inconceivable tissue of absurdities and scandals. Who is there for example that does not shudder when he reads the blasphemous story of a God, who avails himself of his attribute of Infinite Wisdom to overreach the credulity of his creatures, sends them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie and then damns them for believing it? The book which represents the Almighty—blessed be He! as a liar is either itself a lying book or it has some interior meaning different from that which appears on the surface. For the sake, then, of religion itself it is high time that the fables of the Old and New Testament should be exposed, and as we have time and strength we intend to expose them. The hour has come when everything ought to be said, and we intend to say everything. These who don't like it can go to—church. There they will see the blind leading the blind, they will hear a man who dares not say what he thinks, unless it agrees with the Thirty-nine Articles which he signed thirty-nine years ago. It is his interest, if by chance his eyes are opened, to let his people remain in darkness, and even, as Maimonides did, to commit the crime of black magic and to make that darkness thicker. "It is admitted and well known by the learned in Biblical criticism," says the Rev. Robert Taylor, "that it has been chiefly on the authority of the Jewish Rabbi, Moses Maimonides, who lived in the twelfth century, the middle of the dark ages, that the first chapter, or first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, came first to be taken to refer to a real creation of the world." It was a maxim of the Talmudists that whoever should perceive the true meaning of Holy Writ ought to take care not to divulge it. Shall we wonder then that the Jewish Rabbis should alter the text, from the original Samaritan reading, "In the beginning the Goat created the heavens and the earth" into "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" when we find our English translation changing the earlier rendering: "Abel brought the firstling of the goats" into "Abel brought the firstling of his flock," from the same apparent intention of concealing the part which the astronomical Goat—the Sun in the sign of Capricorn or January—sustains, not only as the source of life, but as the first sacrifice and first Redeemer of the world? "It is difficult for any one," says Maimonides, "either from the text of Scripture itself, or from lights elsewhere afforded; to keep off from a good guess at what it means; but then he ought to say nothing about it." The time for saying nothing about it has passed—for, after all, God does not love a fool—and we, at least, propose to say all about it, that is, all we know and all we can say truthfully to clear up the interior meaning of the Bible.

But not with a view of destroying religion in the soul. God forbid! The kernel is there, and we bid our readers, when we demonstrate that in its outward form the Gospel is an allegory, to look within and find the true Jesus, the principle of love, of self-sacrifice, of devotion. That Jesus must increase in wisdom and stature, he must be crucified for the good of others and then he shall surely be exalted to the right hand of the Father. In a word, while the inspiration of the Bible is true only in the sense that every wholesome Scripture is inspired, while there is no satisfactory evidence of the historical existence of most of the personages of the Bible, yet the world has been made better by its touching picture, allegory though it be, of a suffering Saviour, of a God pouring out his blood upon the cross for the good of mankind. But, alas! how many devout women are now looking forward to meet that Saviour, how many loving souls expect to see the Virgin Mother who are destined to be disappointed when first they cross the river. Nevertheless, no man who has ministered unto that mystical Christ when in the person of one of the least of his brethren he was an hungered or athirst or a stranger, or naked or sick or in prison; no woman who, from devotion to the Blessed Virgin, has kept her soul and body pure, shall in any wise lose his or her reward. The secret of the Lord was with William Penn, when he taught these truths in "No Cross, No Crown," for to suffer is to rise, travail means travel or progress, and it is the mission of the New Dispensation, while it explains the allegory of a crucified Saviour, to enforce the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

ANOTHER DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

Under the head-line, "Some Propositions," Mr. Frederick F. Cook, in the last *Banner of Light*, says:

"The so-called evil propensities in man are entirely due to physical causes, and after the change called death are wholly subject to—*that is to say*, they can only plague, in their outworking under spiritual conditions, the possessor, and in no wise any other spirit or mortal."

"That the seeming evils in the manifestations, together with so-called cases of obsession, are wise and beneficent adaptations to present earthly conditions, always proportionate to desired results."

"That all communications are in harmony with a predetermined enlightened order of progress; that assumed individual preferences on the part of spirits, unless in accord with the general plan, do not express themselves; and that all manifestations of any and every sort, high or low, wise or foolish, temperate or extravagant, angelic or demonic, are obedient to the purposes and mode of the dispensation."

One might justly think that Mr. Cook had concluded to run an opposition to Leo XIII in the dogmatizing line of establishing what is true and what is false; so far as there is any meaning in those three muddled postulates of a very muddled theory concerning the fundamental truths of Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Cook then proceeds to point out the shaky foundation on which his ponderous speculations are based, in the following manner. Mr. Cook says:

"The foregoing series of propositions have their root in and grow out of the postulate that there is no active evil in the other world. This granted, all the rest follows as a natural deduction. I freely admit, if I am wrong as to this single premise, I am wrong along the entire course of my reasoning, and the labor and thought of years is worse than wasted. If, however, the truth is with me in this matter, it will behoove many Spiritualists to turn over a new leaf, and give their faces a new interpretation."

"These generalizations constitute the elements or ground work of a complete system. In presenting this rational synthesis, I never supposed that it would receive other support than inheres in its logic. Judge of my surprise, therefore, and I will not disguise the truth, intense gratification—to find that the band of Mrs. Richmond, in a series of lectures just concluded—*seemingly delivered to the special end of serving as a support*—came squarely upon my platform as to all the issues opened by this discussion."

As Mr. Cook will have it so, we propose to test not only his unfounded theory regarding the after life, but to cross-question the spirit witnesses that he calls to support his manifestly groundless assumptions. We are no respecter of persons, whether spirits or mortals, when they undertake to deceive in relation to the realities of the life hereafter. Mr. Cook cites a spirit who spoke through Mrs. Richmond, as follows:

"Are they not ministering spirits? The question or theme, for this evening's discourse, has been rendered necessary by two facts; the prevalent belief in Christendom that evil is an absolute, positive power in the universe, and the modified belief among Spiritualists and others that evil spirits may and do exercise absolute and positive power over mortals. In spirit life, what is the temptation to crime? Where the incentive to evil doing? Money there is none. Human life there is none to take, and no end to be gained by taking it. * * * If Satan as a person is perceptibly and visibly vanquished in the nineteenth century, let us not build up another and perhaps a more formidable evil by a multiplicity of lying spirits. Let us consider that for all human purposes the falsehoods of daily life, the particular crimes of the criminal whom you most fear, are perpetrated for purposes of physical gain. Take away that incentive; consider the transparency of spiritual existence. Theft could only be perpetrated by secrecy; secrecy is only possible in the human form, not in the spiritual. Falsehood is dependent on concealment for its success. Concealment is only possible where you wear the masks of the flesh and deceive one another, but do not deceive the spirits."

Very true, most sapient spirit, and we intend that there shall be no falsehood or concealment in the case. When you say that the "belief among Spiritualists and others may and do exercise absolute and positive power over mortals," is not a positive fact, you show that you are a falsifier and a deceiver, for the evidence furnished by the experiences of every medium demonstrates that what you uttered through Mrs. Richmond is false, and was intended to mislead those who confide in the integrity and wonderful susceptibility of Mrs. Richmond, to just such misleading deceivers as yourself. We want it distinctly understood that we regard Mrs. Richmond in no manner responsible for the manifest falsehoods she was made to utter under your positive and most malign influence. In fact, we need go no further for proof of the falseness of your statements than that Mrs. Richmond should be compelled to become your mouth-piece for the utterance of such manifest falsehoods.

Again you say, through your helpless instrument:

"No portion of the crime in the world is committed by evil disembodied spirits. No proportion of

the actual wrong in the world is committed by evil disembodied minds. You cannot commit a crime if you are above the condition of doing or committing that crime. We will tell you why. No spirit can approach you to make you do it, even if they may have a desire. A spiritual growth that is yours, and that is beyond murder, will repel, and must naturally repel, any tendency of murderers, be they embodied or disembodied. No one having murder in his heart would approach you, and probably not one in this room, to aid him in committing murder. If he has planned a murder, and shrinks from performing it, he seeks some one of a more moral level than himself. Follow the history of crime the world over, and you find this to be true. Now a spirit is not permitted either to approach you or to have the power of approaching you, for the purpose of stimulating to a deed the germs of which are not to be found in your own natures, even if it had the desire. You remember this qualification is made: Spirits can have no desire to destroy physical life, for the simple reason that the physical life will only bring their enemy, if it be an enemy, nearer to them. The destruction of the body will remove one more barrier between them and their foe. If you had an enemy, and did not desire to meet him, you certainly would not kill him, were you a spirit, for he would be face to face with you the next day. If spirits have wrongs to avenge, they cannot do it in those ways, for the same reason that the same laws do not govern spirit life that govern you. Death is not separation, but the reunion. Death is nothing to fear in spirit life, therefore why should they seek to slay their enemy? You might say, to punish them; but is it not a greater punishment to themselves when the very object—their enemy—will be nearer to them, and will be capable, perhaps, of employing spiritual powers, that are limitless, at a greater advantage than yourself? Besides, as I said at the commencement, *evil is a negation*."

We ask pardon of our readers for complying with the necessity of occupying our columns with such manifest falsehood and deception as is embraced in that self-contradictory attempt to mislead those whose credulity is so great as to prevent them from distinguishing between sound and sense. Mr. Cook seems to have proven himself a most gullible greenhorn in gulping down that disgusting dish of falsehood, and in considering it wholesome spiritual food. This manifestly lying spirit utterly demolishes his own assertions when he says that inimical spirits passing to spirit life "will be capable of employing spiritual powers that are limitless." That being the case, as every observant and experienced Spiritualist knows, then this controlling spirit uttered a positive and wicked falsehood when he said: "You cannot commit a crime if you are above the condition of doing or committing that crime." If spirits are "capable of employing spiritual powers that are limitless" to effect their ends, then are spiritual media, at least, at the mercy of low, sensual, criminal and groveling spirits, without reference to their moral status or their personal worthiness. Spiritual media or sensitives have no choice or control whatever as to the spirit influences that may make use of them, and this every true mediumistic person knows. Could such persons control the power that seeks to use them, they would not be true spiritual media.

We are amazed at the infatuation of Frederick F. Cook, in failing to see in that spiritual harangue the trail of the "Old Serpent," that "Father of Lies," who has kept the world in the darkness of ignorance for so many lingering ages, under the specious pretense of seeking to incalculable truth. We really fear that Mr. Cook was the cause, as he seems to realize, of Mrs. Richmond being controlled by that lying spirit. The reader will remember that in speaking of that communication, Mr. Cook said: "I will not disguise the intense gratification—to find that the band of Mrs. Richmond, in a series of lectures just concluded—*seemingly delivered to the special end of serving as a support*—came squarely upon my platform as to all the issues opened by this discussion." We assure Mr. Cook, it will require something more than his intense gratification, the high reputation of Mrs. Richmond as an inspirational medium, or the generally high character of the spirits who control Mrs. Richmond, called by Mr. Cook, her "band," to give a color of truth to that most inconsistent and wholly unfounded pretense that the actions of mortals are not, to a deplorable extent, influenced by low, lying, cheating, deceiving and evilly disposed spirits. That such a spirit is capable of forcing himself upon a medium of so high a character as we know Mrs. Richmond to be, shows plainly the magnitude of the evil which this lying spirit sought so hungrily to conceal. Mr. Cook, rest assured, that the endorsement of that lying control, will afford but poor "support" to your groundless theory. At the same time let us assure you that what Spiritualists require of spirits as well as mortals who undertake to instruct them concerning the after-life, is, to make fewer unsupported assertions of opinions, and furnish more facts that can alone enlighten or be of any use to them. The place for dogmatic mortals and spirits is the church, Christian, so-called, and their apparel the priestly garb.

Reader we heartily wish it was not necessary to trouble you further with Mr. Cook or his spirit supporter, but truth says it must be and we obey. Mr. Cook says:

"In a recent number of the *Banner of Light* (Mr. Peebles) asks, if in contending that there are no evil spirits, I would be understood as assuming that the mere act of death worked regeneration—that it made a black-hearted murderer a saint? No; he is all that he was up to the time of his death, but no more. He has committed his last murder. He has had his last evil thought. But as the past crowds upon him he suffers the torments of hell, and the last thought in his mind would be to increase that torment. As soon would a man, having a broken leg, deliberately break the other, but I will now let the spirit world talk: 'A spirit that is evil in earthly life enters the spiritual life an imbecile, for the reason there is no active stimulus or element upon which the evil can feed in the spirit alone. You must remember that the spirit of itself is not evil, and that the evil that surrounds it

is the result of the physical condition and temptation. Remove these and you do not make a saint of a spirit, but you make a spirit that is impotent, a baffled, disappointed, despairing spirit; but not an angry spirit. * * * No class of evil spirits can make voices, write messages, bring flowers, materialize forms, or do any other important work in the great methods of communication between the two worlds. Let no one shrink from circles considering that these are visited by evil spirits, for evil spirits have not power, have not knowledge, do not understand, and though the manifestations may not be according to your aesthetic taste, if a genuine demonstration is given, it comes from a sphere as high as the loftiest message spoken by inspired tongue, because a manifestation, having power over substance indicates knowledge of a kind that can only belong to those who are familiar with spiritual forces, and have them all at their command."

So much for Mr. Cook and his spirit-deceiver. We may judge of the extent of the infatuation, or, in other words, the obsession that Mr. C. is laboring under, when he is controlled to call that notoriously false string of assertions the "talk of the spirit world." Mr. Cook is the first person we have ever heard of who claimed that the spirit world could or did talk through any one medium. We are very sure that neither Mrs. Richmond or any sensible friend of hers would claim any such representative character for her. We ask our readers, who have had any experience as observers of spirit visitation, whether they have ever discovered a particle of ground to sustain one of those unsupported assertions? Have you not one and all seen enough to convince you that the spirit who controlled the medium to utter those falsehoods is a most unreasoning liar? If you have not, we have, and therefore do not hesitate to denounce this spirit conduct as worthy only of pity, contempt and reprobation. We assure this deceiving spirit that he had better make the most of his victim Mr. Cook, for he will hardly find another hobby-rider who is so amused with his hobby as to be imposed upon by such shallow nonsense.

Space will not let us continue the showing up of this scheme to screen the villainy which, in the name of the spirit world, is seeking to divert attention from the ruinous influences of selfish and scheming spirits. It would indeed seem that through the management of Col. Bundy and the spirit influences governing him, that Chicago has become the favorite stamping ground of the spirit enemies of Spiritualism, and some of its brightest spiritual lights are being dimmed, if not extinguished, by the fog they have raised for that purpose.

We will complete our criticism of the *spirit-world talk* which Mr. Cook has cited in support of his wholly untenable theory in our next issue. When we are done, there will be an end of that little game of spirit deception.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

FRANK T. RIPLEY is now at Sheboygan Falls, and is reported to be meeting with great success as a test medium.

Mrs. R. SHEPARD will lecture on Tuesday evening, January 20th, at Mechanics' Hall, Camden, N. J. We are glad to see that our Camden friends are alive, and that a great interest is being awakened, in that vicinity, in spiritual truth. Camden is our nearest neighbor, and we hope that they will be more neighborly in the future.

W. L. JACK, M. D., of Haverhill, Mass., will be, for a few days only, at No. 13 Birth street, Biddleford, Me., where he will diagnose diseases, treat patients, and give private sittings by appointment only. He requests that the Portland friends will make appointments early. Address him as usual to his permanent address, Haverhill, Mass.

HARRY BASTIAN, under date of January 7th, writes: "I find the *Banner*, *MIND AND MATTER* and the *Record* everywhere. I go home next Monday, to remain two weeks; then I go East. I shall be in Chicago the last of March; if I can fill some engagements before then: My address, until I go East, is North Boston, Erie Co., N. Y.—*Spiritual Record*."

MATERIALIZING MEDIUM WANTED.—Jos. A. Meek, of Jonesboro, Ark., in a recent letter, says: "If you can induce a good materializing medium to visit us, I will drop my practice and accompany him or her. I am acquainted with prominent citizens in every county in the State of Arkansas, and we could revolutionize things here. There is a grand opening in Arkansas for such a medium."

L. PET ANDERSON is now located at 207 Pennsylvania avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. She has pleasant parlors opposite the Botanical Gardens, and will remain there for the next four months. She will hold social, musical and literary receptions every Wednesday evening, commencing January 14th, and give private sittings daily. Any one visiting Washington will find pleasant rooms and good board at very reasonable rates at the house of this lady.

On the first page of the *Spiritual Record*, this week, appears a cut of a spirit purporting to be Yon-on-di-o, the Indian control of Mrs. Kate Blade, of Chicago, Ill., copied from a crayon drawing by the spirit artist, Wella P. Anderson. There is also an inspirational discourse given through the organism of Mr. W. J. Colville, entitled "Spiritual Outlook for the New Year." The *Record* improves. Send for a sample copy to Griffen Brothers, 104 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

A RECENT private letter received from one of our subscribers in New York city contains the following items of news, which we take the liberty to give to our readers: "Dr. J. V. Mansfield gave fifty-two recognized tests last Sunday evening at the close of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham's lecture, at Tremor's Hall, in this city. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity and hundreds went away who were not able to enter the hall. Prof. Henry Kiddle had a full hall and his lectures are a decided success."

THE Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will hold a three days' meeting in Spiritual Hall, Omro, Jan. 23, 24 and 25. Speakers—W. F. Jamieson, Wm. M. Lockwood, Mrs. S. E. Bishop, J. O. Barrett and J. Raymond Tallmadge, of Fond du Lac, already known to the conference as the inspirational singer, will also deliver his lecture, "Who has the Truth?" The meeting will be called to order at 10 o'clock A. M., and we want to see all of the Liberalists of Wisconsin on hand in season, and we want you to prepare yourselves for a good time.

THE CAUSE EVER PROSPERING.—Washington Hall, Spring Garden street, was crowded to its utmost capacity on Sunday, Jan. 11th, to listen to the inspired utterances of Mrs. R. Shepard, the speaker for the present month. Subjects in the morning were given by the audience, in the evening a question containing this subject matter, "Destiny, or Man Governed by Law." The lecture will be given in full in a future number of *MIND AND MATTER*. Mrs. Shepard is accompanied by her daughter and her young friend, Miss Lottie Nudd, of Minneapolis, Minn., who are visiting for the first time the beautiful city of Philadelphia, and are the guests of Col. and Mrs. Kase.

PROF. J. M. TICE'S ALMANAC FOR 1880.—Mr. Editor, allow me to call the attention of the many readers of your excellent paper, *MIND AND MATTER*, to Prof. Tice's Almanac for 1880. He gives a new system of weather forecasts for every day in the year, based upon planetary movements and positions. I have tested it three consecutive years, and find it wonderfully correct and easily learned. It is large, contains much of value in regard to rains, clouds, cyclones, tornadoes, earthquakes, the coming perihelia of the great planets, etc. It will benefit every family every year ten times its cost. Send 20 cents to the Professor, St. Louis, Mo.; or D. Higbie, Burton P. O., Shiawassee Co., Mich.

FRIENDS, we are working as few men have ever worked to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and feel that that work grows upon our hand we we proceed. Will you do what you can to aid us in the accomplishment of that work, by assisting to extend the circulation of *MIND AND MATTER*? In no other way can you so effectually get the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning all that relates to human welfare and happiness before the world. Our hobby is the presentation of facts. Aid us, friends, as far as you can, and receive the heartfelt thanks of a working brother. To any of our friends who may not receive *MIND AND MATTER* promptly and regularly, the fault is not ours, as we take every possible care to do our full duty in the matter. All errors will be cheerfully made right as soon as learned by us.

In order not to diminish our usual supply of current matter, we this week issue a supplement, containing two most valuable discourses, recently delivered in Philadelphia, and especially reported for *MIND AND MATTER*. One by Mrs. R. Shepard, on the "Christian Dogma of a Triune God-head," and the other by Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, on "The World Without a Bible." We feel assured that these able, eloquent, and most instructive discourses, will be as highly valued by our readers as they are by ourself. It has been rarely, indeed, that these dreaded topics have been discussed in so comprehensive and unanswerable a manner. With such remarkable evidence of the loftiest and profoundest, though flowing from the lips of inspired women, as have been pouring upon the people, through Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Hyzer, and other prominent lady speakers, the question will soon be whether gowned men are any longer of use in the inculcation of ethical and religious instruction. We publish, also, in our supplement, an able and thought inciting article from the pen of our townsman, Joseph Wood, which will well repay a careful reading.

THE Co-operative Association of Spiritualists of this city had their hall, southwest corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, filled last Sunday afternoon and evening with interested listeners to the discourse of Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, entitled "What am I? Whence came I? Whither am I tending?" We copy extracts as they were given in the *Press* of this city, last Monday morning, for the benefit of our readers:

"The researchers of the philosopher have led him to look upon matter as the one reality of the universe, but he has no answer to the question, 'What was its origin and when did it originate?' At first thought to be unresolvable, it was found by closer analysis to be subject to force, and only a veil hiding the one reality of the universe. Force, therefore, formed the next subject of study, and in turn was regarded as the great verity; man being the greatest work of that great verity; and in himself greater than either. Hence, the student of nature concluded that the proper study of mankind was man, but no examination of man or matter traced the origin or individualization of life, spontaneous generation never being ascertained as a fact. Beyond the material in man is the spiritual. Wonderful, indeed, are the works of human intelligence. Theology, Materialism, Spiritualism, each has its own way of defining intelligence. The last-named philosophy pronounces man a spirit. Somnambulism and mesmerism show that this spirit can act independently of matter. Clairvoyance and clairaudience prove that the spirit can see and hear without organs. A man who was nearly drowned found a lost document in consequence of reviewing the panorama of his life while unconscious.—Whence came I?—Theology says, 'God made you'; materialism, 'You were evolved.' Neither is satisfactory to the Spiritualist, who holds that man is an atom from the great ocean of intelligent causation.—Whence is this atom tending?—Again, theology, materialism and Spiritualism have their different answers. The first points to heaven or hell; the second to a resolution into constituent elements and dynamics, but the third to universal liberty of man, woman and child. The religion of today is a nebulous mass. People can tell better what they do not than what they do believe."

The evening was occupied by answering questions propounded by the audience. The Association is now in a very prosperous condition, and we are informed that sociables and dramatic entertainments will soon be given by the Association in their hall. Mrs. Fox will speak next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

VIEWS AFoot.

Across a Lonely Moor—Keep Away From Doctors, Lawyers and Ministers—Tobacco and a Presbyterian Minister—An Oneida Woman.

BY JAY CHAAPEL.

For Mind and Matter.

Grown weary and worn with the conflict of creeds, I had sought a new faith for the soul with its needs, When the love of the beautiful guided my feet Through a leafy arched to a sylvan retreat, Where the oriole sang in the branches above, And the wild roses burned with their blushes of love, And the purple fringed aster, and bright golden-rod, Like jewels of beauty adorned the green sod.

—Lizzie Doten.

In the early days of September I was waiting in the depot at Canastota, on the New York Central railway, for a Westward-bound train.

Canastota, an Indian name, is derived from "kniste," a cluster of pines, and "Stota," still or silent.

The Indians when hunting say to their dogs, "Stota! Stota!"

The little village is on the borders of the Great Swamp, which extends along the southern shore of Oneida lake. The streams are sluggish and old foggy and the land low, and only a few years ago was covered with a dense forest of trees, through which the wild winds sang their gloomy songs. The train came along with a whiz, a rush, and a roar, breathed a moment while I took a seat, when it sped away again, taking no heed of the rattling thunder, flashes of lightning, or the weeping clouds that poured their soft and pure waters direct in the face of the "iron horse with a wooden tail." In ten minutes it stopped again, and I walked down the steps of the coach when it again moved—

"On and on in its mad career,
Like a cog shot off from a comet's sphere."

The day was nearly gone and the refreshing shower had been left behind, but the clouds were dark and lowering. I had four miles to walk across the swamp, over a good road to the shores of the lake, where a friend, a Spiritualist, was awaiting me. I watched the clouds a moment to see if they portended rain and then started off at a rapid pace across the gloomy landscape, hoping to get over the loneliest part of my journey before darkness set in.

The free, fresh air from the lakes and hills, my daily leisurely walks, and eating plenty of ripe fruit, was giving to me renewed health and vigor. To the thousands who are suffering from close confinement indoors, and from nervous prostration, I would recommend them to leave books and cares behind, go into the picturesque country districts far away from the noisy, hurrying and sordid world, and daily newspapers, take your staff in hand, climb the hills, rest on the banks of the murmuring streams, bathe in the lakes, eat plain but well cooked food, if it is possible to get it, with plenty of ripe fruit each day. Abstain entirely from condiments and pastry, vinegar in any form, tea, coffee, beer, or any kind of spirituous liquors, and above all from that filthy, disgusting and debasing weed, tobacco. Leave doctors, lawyers and ministers alone, for a large proportion of them are saturated with the fumes of liquor and tobacco in some form, and those who are not thus contaminated are shut in behind an iron wall of conservatism, bigotry and popular self-conceit that is appalling to every free and independent mind. There are noble exceptions to this, I admit. I speak of them as a class. I say this in no bitterness or ill-will, but from a careful investigation, thoughtful study, and daily association for many years.

Among all these professions I have valuable and kind friends and neighbors, but I cannot shut my eyes to plain and palpable facts. It is deplorable, far beyond the thought of the casual thinker, that these men, many of whom have had the advantages of a collegiate education, and often the daily contact with cultivated men and women; should nearly always be found blocking the wheels of progress with their musty old records, which they hug to their bosoms with a similar idolatry that a cowled nun does the cross, and often with no more intelligence.

Night, dark and dismal, overtook me before I had got half-way across the lonely moor. The lowing of a heifer which had been accidentally left in the great fields by the cow-boy, attracted my attention. She came alongside the fence, following me over a mile and in the most piteous tones appealed to my sympathies, begging me to let her out that she might join her companions. I should have done so, but no gate or bars could I find to open to free her from her night of imprisonment.

Men and women are often very forgetful and careless of the mental sufferings of their fellow-beings, but how much more so of the sufferings of our dumb animals. As I walked on the lines of J. T. Trowbridge came to my mind, and I could almost hear the sound of his voice as he read them to me in his own home in 1874:

"To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed,
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling,
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
Sighing, calling—
'Co', 'boes', 'co', 'boes', 'co', 'co', 'co', 'co',
And off the milk-maid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, 'So, 'boes', 'so'!"

At last I saw a light through an open window. I rapped at the door, while a great, lank and long-eared bloodhound bayed at me. In a gruff, surly tone I was bid, "come in!" I opened the door and for a moment I thought I had entered a small Pandemonium. Three men sat around the edge of a small, dirty kitchen, smoking great pipes of tobacco, while two young girls of about twelve and fourteen years of age, stood by a table washing dishes. The atmosphere was thick with the smoke from the burnt weed in those filthy pipes. What a place for young and tender girls to grow up in, or boys either; for a place that is fit for boys is fit for girls, and vice versa. As I sat there trying to take a moment's rest—though such a thing is hardly possible in such a place—another scene came before me that transpired in one of the historic and beautiful valleys in Pennsylvania, one bright October day in 1877. A friend, a Presbyterian minister, and a prominent man in the county where he resided, invited me to dine with him. While the meal was in preparation he took me to his library to talk over some topics in which we had a common interest and where I suppose he wrote out his sermons, which he delivered with zeal and some eloquence to his parishioners every Sabbath.

I knew this reverend gentleman used tobacco quite extensively, but I was not quite prepared for the filthy scene that met my sight and smell as I entered that "holy of holies." The two large spittoons were filled to repletion with the chewed ends of cigars, tobacco chuds, and spittle, from which the fumes arose in a sickening miasma.

When unavoidable business has rendered it necessary, I have seen such disgusting and soul-sickening places in depots, hotels and court-rooms, but never before had I seen the like in the private room of a person who laid any claims to refinement and culture, much less a minister who extolled the virtues and teachings of the man who said that cleanliness was next to godliness. I must do his affable, intelligent, but sad-looking wife, the justice to say that the other parts of the house were neat and orderly, and the dinner which she cooked with her own hands was well done and served in good style. He made no excuses whatever for the obscene and nauseous spectacle he had presented to me, but his wife, being farther advanced in refinement and civilization, made some for him, saying at the same time it was a place she seldom entered, as she had long since given up all hopes of reforming him from the virulent and debasing tobacco habit. This man was a slave to a most loathsome vice, and was to be pitied instead of blamed. He had no idea that the use of tobacco often destroyed the happiness and lives of sensitive persons who used it, and also the happiness and lives of many who come within the magnetic aura of those poisoned with it.

Would it not be well for the Rev. Joseph Cook, Moody and Sankey, and the missionary societies, to expend some of their time and money in teaching such men the laws of health and cleanliness, instead of slandering and lying about Spiritualists, Liberalists and mediums; and sending their money to far-away lands, for the purpose of converting their imaginary heathens to believe in an impossible atonement and a burning hell, which they delight in describing as being so much hotter than our modern furnaces for melting iron and steel, and a person in jumping from the former into the latter would freeze to death?

After inquiring the distance to Lakeport, and being informed it was half a mile, I went on in the starless night, thinking of tobacco drunkards, and whisky drunkards. Which is the worst? If I was to make a personal choice, and had to be obliged to endure the company of either, I would prefer the whiskey drunkard; but I had much rather be banished to Siberia for six months than endure the society of either for one week.

I soon arrived in the home of Mr. R., a commercial traveller, where I found myself at home and at rest, where I could hear the gentle ripples of the waters of Oneida lake kissing the shore, as a long refreshing sleep quietly came over my weary spirit.

This lake is twenty-one miles long, from three to five miles wide, three hundred and seventy-five feet above the ocean, and one hundred and forty-five feet above Lake Ontario, into which its waters flow. It furnishes large quantities of salmon, bass, pike, and other varieties of fish for the surrounding country; consequently, the meat of the filthy hog is not so extensively used there.

On the 14th I found myself walking down a long beautiful street, one hundred feet wide, shaded on each side with double rows of maple and elm trees. The golden-rod in all its September beauty and bloom had been left along the neat roadsides, and the tasty and commodious white cottages with extensive grounds embowered among native trees, and the flowers cultivated with willing hands and intelligent brains, led me to think I might possibly be just entering Spring Garden City that Margaret Fuller so beautifully describes in Mrs. Horn's book—"Strange Visitors." This was the old village of Oneida Castle—or Castleton, as it was formerly called—in Oneida county, N. Y.

On the south side of the turnpike, at the entrance of the village, stands the old Council Grove of the Six Nations, composed mostly of hickory and maple trees of large size and magnificent shade. I do not wonder that those beautiful lands were clung to with unflinching tenacity, and only given up by their natural owners, the Indians, at the point of the bayonet, to the greedy and heartless whites who came among them with sanctimonious faces—a Bible in one hand and a whisky jug and a sword in the other.

A mission for the benefit of the Indians was established there in 1816, and in 1819 a chapel was built. Sometime after that, it was sold to the Unitarians and removed to Vernon Village, a few miles distant. The same old bell that once called the Indians together to worship, near the great Council Grove of their fathers, still hangs in the steeple at Vernon Village, where I heard its doleful tones echo out over that beautiful valley, while old and young with their tightly clasped prayer books were hurrying onward to obey its summons to worship their angry God.

Some years ago a number of the Oneidas, who had removed from their reservation to Green Bay, Wisconsin, returned to visit their friends and relatives; and during their stay some of them went over to the village to church, and as they stood in an isolated group, a despised race, listening in sadness and silence to the bell as it pealed forth on a bright autumn morning, their eyes moistened, their heart-strings were touched with the sweet influences of the spirits of their ancestors, and the associations and scenes of their youthful years floated in tender and beautiful visions before them.

Tell me not that the Indians are stoics and savages and lost to all tenderness and sympathy! It is as unjust as false. It is full time the American people should cease to judge of them by the popular standard of religion, morals or philosophy.

Near Oneida Castle, I called at a pleasant farm house, where I met a young Indian woman of the Oneidas, who, like many of her white sisters, had met with the misfortune to have a drunken husband. She was employed by the family as a servant and seamstress, and followed the time-worn and benighted example of her more intelligent sisters in trying to support herself and him who is her owner and master. At the request of the lady of the house, she left her work and came to the parlor to see me. Though speaking English with difficulty, she at once interested me with her native intelligence and gentleness. She had more than ordinary taste and refinement, and a tender sympathy I have rarely seen excelled in any one. As I spoke of her ancestors, and alluded to her education and present life, in as gentle a manner as possible, the tears filled her black luminous eyes to overflowing, while in low, appealing tones she said:

"O, me could never have much. Me nothing but dirty, ugly Indian. Me tried hard to have nice things like whites. Then bad Indian call me

proud, and whites despise me for trying to do like them."

I gave her words of cheer and hope, and told her that warm, earnest friends of her race and all other oppressed races were busy at work, and that a happy future awaited them; when a drunken man could not take her earnings, and when no man, however good, could own a woman nor control her wages as now. The time might seem long, but it was sure to come.

On taking my leave of this sensitive woman I could only think of what a debt of gratitude we owe her race, and what an important part they were acting, from their spirit homes, in healing the sick, giving strength and hope to the nervous and sorrowing, and instruction and counsel in very many important matters of this life through their chosen mediums.

Ilion, N. Y., Oct. 10, M. S. 32.

Special Notice From "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

"Me, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting ground. He say he love white chiefs and squaws. He travel like the wind. He go to circles. Him big chief. Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No wampum for three moons."

Those who are sick in body or mind will be furnished with magnetized paper for the space of three months without other charge than three three-cent stamps to pay postage. From what we know of the power of these spirit friends we feel warranted in encouraging the afflicted in seeking their services in the way suggested. Circles sitting for development will find their object promoted by sending for some of the prepared paper. Address, James A. Bliss, this office. 21

[From the Voice of Angels.]

A Test Trough Mr. Mansfield.

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 16, 1879.

Bro. Densmore:—You say, write articles and send, etc. I therefore send you the following: On my recent attendance at the festival at Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, for the objects of the MIND AND MATTER paper, Mr. J. V. Mansfield being present at the dinner table, gave the names of two old acquaintances standing by my side, namely, Lawrence Bigelow, of Burlington, Vt., and Joel Holcomb, of Ticonderoga, N. Y. The latter was the most astonishing to me, as after failing to give the final part of the message, he walked to the opposite side of the table from me, and joining his forefinger with mine, he said, "He gives the name Ticonderoga, where he lived, and he says he was the half owner of Ethan Allen."

This was a most remarkable test; for as Mr. M. stated, I was a stranger to him, and Mr. Holcomb used to attend our Vermont fairs, he being the half owner of the celebrated horse Ethan Allen, valued at \$10,000, and I was the owner of the reputed sire of him, Flying Morgan, and the two horses looked just alike. Mr. H. went South several years ago, and died there.

Fraternally, R. M. ADAMS.

KIND WORDS.

N. W. Brown, Nederland, Col., forwarding subscription writes:—"I could not do without MIND AND MATTER. I have got you two subscribers and will do what I can to get more to shed what light I can in this corner of America."

John S. Adams, Boston, Mass., writes: "You are doing valiant work for spiritual truth, and all heaven is on your side. If there is a class of persons on earth that needs sympathy, tender care and encouragement, it is the mediumistic."

J. J. Clark, Plainville, Conn., writes: "Please state in MIND AND MATTER that I consider your paper and the Banner the most valuable, high toned spiritual papers; those who read them once will want to read them again as glad tidings of joy to all people."

H. E. Beach, No. 69 Union place, New York city, writes: "Enclosed find \$1.35 for six months' subscription for MIND AND MATTER. I am happy you are doing so well with the paper and hope your hands will be strengthened by all loyal Spiritualists, and all for the truth."

Mary Smith, of West Pittsfield, Mass., writes: "Your experiences with the good and bad spirits in this and the other world throws a flood of light into many dark places that every true Spiritualist will be thankful for. God and his holy angels bless and strengthen you in your prayer."

Dr. W. B. Fahnstock, Wallhalla, S. C., writes: "I have been doing all I can for MIND AND MATTER, but as those who would be likely to take it are generally poor (in cash) it has been rather an uphill business. I send all my papers around—with the hope that time will in the future do more for you than the past."

A. F. Albright, Great Valley P. O., New York, forwarding sealed letter and subscription, writes: "I have taken the R-P Journal for years; but when its editor, J. C. Bundy so far forgot himself as to become inert to the principles of liberty, and through jealousy and selfishness, did not feel a brother's sympathy for a noble but persecuted fellow-editor, enough to circulate a petition for his release from a prison cell; I thought it about time to bolt from him."

John Lowe, Batchtown, Calhoun Co., Ill., writes: "I have received several copies of your paper, have taken no spiritual paper for some time; have some years left S. S. Jones's paper in consequence of his working as I thought, too much for the loaves and fishes. I am now quite advanced in life, being 71 years old, cannot see to read long at a time, but will try your paper for a year, you will find the amount within, \$2.15. I believe you send a picture with it, so you can send me 'Homeward.'"

Orson Brooks, of Denver, Colorado, writes: "I with pleasure acknowledge the receipt of the premium 'Dawning Light,' which is a beauty; and also the extra numbers of No. 5, Vol. 2, which I have distributed where they will procure new subscribers for MIND AND MATTER. I continue to be more and more pleased with MIND AND MATTER, and shall keep up exertions for its increase in subscribers. Excuse this old briar pen. May the supernal powers continue their care and protection over you."

Geo. W. Barber, Librarian, the National Home for disabled volunteer soldiers, near Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "In conformity to the sentiments of nine hundred veteran inmates of this Home, and by direction of General Edward W. Hincks, Commandant of the Home. I take this opportunity

to thank you for your favor in contributing your valuable publication to the soldiers home reading-room during the past year. It has been regularly received and conscientiously devoted to the object to which it was contributed, and has been the means of enabling not a few of them to pass many hours pleasantly and profitably."

ALL persons accepting any of the following mediums' offers are not entitled to receive any other premium that we have offered in our advertising columns.

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Editor Mind and Matter.

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Editor Mind and Matter:

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Editor Mind and Matter:

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Editor Mind and Matter:

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J. M. Roberts, Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR FRIEND OF HUMAN PROGRESS:—I have not time to seek subscribers to your valuable paper; but I will offer this inducement to every person sending me two dollars (my usual price) and with it a lock of their hair, age, sex, etc., with postage stamp for answer; I will make for them a full examination of their case—give diagnosis and advice, and will forward their two dollars to you to pay for them a year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER. This offer remains good for all time.
J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.
286 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SPIRITUALISTS of Philadelphia, hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2.30, and evening at 8, at the Assembly Buildings Hall, S. W. Cor. Tenth and Chestnut streets. Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, the distinguished lecturer from Rochester, N. Y., will occupy the rostrum every Sunday during the month of January. The public are cordially invited to attend.

THE FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS—At Academy Hall, 4th and Spring Garden Streets. Mrs. R. Shephard, will occupy their rostrum, every Sunday during the month of January, at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.

FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH of the Good Samaritan, at the N. E. Cor. Eighth and Buttonwood sts., 3d floor. Speaking and test circle every Sunday afternoon and evening.

THOMPSON STREET CHURCH Spiritual Society, at Thompson st. below Front. Free conference every Sunday afternoon, and circle in the evening.

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Miss H. Lane, Clairvoyant and Electro Magnetic Healer, has removed from 151 Mt. Vernon St. to 730 North Eighth street. (Private entrance on Brown street.) Successful treatment of Diseases by hand or battery. Diagnosis from 9 to 10 a. m. every day free of charge. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 6 p. m.

Charles St. Clair, Developing and Healing Medium, Hall, 240 South Fifth street. Circle every Thursday evening. Sittings daily.

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James A. Bliss, Test Medium, will until further notice, devote every Tuesday afternoon in each week from 12 a. m. to 7 p. m. to private sittings, for communications, developing, etc., at the office of MIND AND MATTER, 713 Sansom street, Philada. Terms, \$1.00 per half hour.

Dr. Henry C. Gordon, Materializing and Slate Writing Medium, 691 N. 13th st. Select sittings every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock; also Tuesday at 3 o'clock. Private sittings daily for Slate Writing tests and communications.

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Mrs. E. S. Powell, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Medium, 259½ N. Ninth st. Public test circles on Monday and Friday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. Office hours from 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ambrosia, Slate Writing, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums, 1223 North Third Street. Circle every Sunday and Thursday evenings, also every Tuesday at 2 o'clock p. m. Sittings daily.

Mrs. Sarah A. Anthony, Test Medium, 223 N. Ninth street. Circles on Monday and Thursday evenings. Private sittings daily.

Mrs. Faust, Test Medium, 936 N. Thirteenth st. Private sittings daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Test Clairvoyant, Mrs. Loomis, 1372 Ridge Av. Sittings daily.

Mrs. George—Trance and Test Medium—No. 690 North Eleventh st. Circles on Tuesday evenings. Sittings daily.

MIND AND MATTER

SUPPLEMENT

THE WORLD WITHOUT A BIBLE.

An address delivered by Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, of Rochester, New York, before the Association of Co-operative Spiritualists of Philadelphia, Sunday Afternoon, January 4th inst.

This is the subject to which we call your attention this afternoon. The mere suggestion of such a thought is sufficient to fill the minds of Bible worshippers with horror, and cause the vast millions who bow before the Sanscrit, Koran, and other sacred books to clasp their idols more firmly, and resolve to defend them against the incoming tide of the present age; against the spirit of intelligence that is sweeping over the land; against the noon-tide glory of the 19th century; against the mighty flood of doubt and skepticism which threatens to sweep away the accumulated errors of ages. We need not wonder at this when we remember the influences that are brought to bear upon the mind of man in regard to the Bible.

The little child is directed to this book as a true teacher, and infallible guide, when it asks the cause of the ever-changing seasons. In the springtime when the fetters fall from the brook, and it goes dancing and singing on its way; when the tender leaves put forth their beauty, and the little buds unfold; the parent or the teacher repeats the old story of creation; points to the existence of a personal individualized God, and tells the child that he will learn of the laws of the physical universe in this book. Summer comes with its glorious beauty; its clear blue sky; its wealth of roses; its berries ripening in the sun; and again the child puts the old question as to the cause of all this beauty, and again he is pointed to the Bible. Autumn comes with its golden grain; with the fruitage beaming from every bough; and again he is told that God not only created man, but that he loves him; and for him has enriched and adorned the earth with all that can please the eye, or charm the heart. When winter comes and spreads his snowy mantle over the earth, it is pointed to an emblem of death, and for the first time the child hears the story of the fall of man; how death entered the world through sin. Not only is the child pointed to the Bible as the book from which he can derive knowledge of the creation of the world, but also of the law of life as the fountain of inspiration; as the foundation of the moral law; as the cause of civilization; as the great fountain of light, purity and love that has blessed the world through all time. This book is read to the child not as a book of history; or philosophy; or science; but read in a sacramental tone; with a peculiar intonation of voice and expression of face; and the child receives the impression that it is an infallible revelation from the God of the Universe. Received in this way the Bible has become a power in political, social and religious life. It receives the young child in its arms; follows him to the marriage altar; goes with him, down the declining plain of life; enters the sick room; stands by his bedside; is present at his open grave; and stretching its arms beyond the narrow stream of death points out his position and condition in another stage of existence. He is told he would have been ignorant of the existence of a God; that he would have had no knowledge of the immortality of the soul; that he would have known nothing of redemption and salvation, without the Bible. The world would have been wrapt in pagan darkness, without the Bible. It is no wonder that children brought under these conditions and influences should learn to bow their reason in the dust, and bend the godlike powers of manhood and womanhood before the book called the infallible revelation of God.

But we must not forget that there are many Bibles in this world, and that each one of these sacred books is as sacred; is as holy; and is as important to its worshippers; to those who believe in them; to those who accept them; as is this book to the Christian. The Koran is as dear to those who believe in it as is our Bible to the Christian. So with the sacred books of the Chinese which they claim can be traced back some forty thousand years. Now, these sacred books of all ages—these Holy Bibles—are nothing to the Christian. If he reads them at all he reads them as histories or romances. They contain no revelation from God to him. In the same way do they regard your Bible. If they read it at all, it is as romance or history. Hence practically, they are without a Bible. All those who do not accept of your Bible are to you without a Bible.

When we talk of the world without a Bible, we must not forget there was a time when this Bible did not exist. There was a time when this beautiful world had no Bible. The book was entirely unknown to any of the human race, except a small section of the Jews, until so late as the year 587 B. C. Neither Homer, Herodotus, nor any of the immortal minds of antiquity, make any allusion to it. The first time that it is mentioned; or any allusion made to the Old Testament, was in the year 287 B. C. when we read that Hilkiah, the Priest, found a book. Now this book, we are told, was lost 800 years before. What, the word of the infinite God upon which your salvation depends lost! A book that should have been read and explained to the people! A book which forms the basis of morality and civilization, lost! and lost for eight centuries! and then, found by a priest who gives no other account of it save to say "I found it!" We are told by Jewish writers, that the "Holy Writings" were completely lost during the Babylonian captivity, which was only a few years after they were said to be found by Hilkiah, and were not restored until the priest Ezra was inspired to re-write them, some 400 years before the Christian era. The Christian Irenaeus, distinctly declared the writings of the Old Testament were not in existence until they were fabricated by Ezra. These are not the words of the infidel; not of the Spiritualist; but the words of the Christian father, Irenaeus, good authority among Christians. There was no proper collection of the writings of the Old Testament until the time of the Maccabees, which was only about 200 years before Christ. In fact Ezra died only 400 years before Christ, while Orpheus flourished 800 B. C. Homer 800, Zoroaster 700, Solon and many Grecian philosophers, 600 B. C.

Now I will call your attention for a moment to the New Testament. There was a time when it did not exist. The New Testament was not written by Jesus.

It was not written during the life of Jesus. It was not written by the disciples of Jesus. The first time any allusion is made to the gospels is by the Christian father Irenaeus in the year 182, and this was some one hundred and fifty years after the time of Christ. During all this time the world was without the New Testament. Was the world going backward all this time? Was it sinking in darkness? Was the light of morality growing fainter? Were civilization and man sinking in moral degradation? But let us look at the world as it was without a Bible and learn that should the time ever come when the facts of science, the light of philosophy and the revelations of the New Dispensation should dispel the false theories and fables of this book, you would still realize the existence of that power which has brought order out of chaos, beauty out of deformity, and knowledge out of ignorance.

Was civilization unknown until it shone from the pages of the Bible? Read the ancient books of the Chaldeans, Arabians, Hindus and Chinese and acknowledge that civilization of a high type precedes by many centuries the advent of the Christian religion. Ancient Greece may be referred to as a familiar illustration of this fact. "Like their own goddess, Athens, the people of Athens," says Max Muller, "seemed to spring full-armed into the arena of history and we look in vain to Egypt, Syria and India for more than a few seeds that burst into such marvelous growth on the soil of Attica." Mr. Underwood says: "The Greeks found the world in a state of comparative darkness, with despotic governments, with hereditary and powerful priesthoods, with art graceless and grotesque, with a literature only of the poorest kind, with little science, no drama, no oratory, and yet they were able to lay the foundations of the intellectual culture of all succeeding ages, and even to carry some of the higher arts to a degree of perfection which has never been surpassed and hardly equalled in the ages that have followed. Five centuries before the Christian religion appeared, there was a glory in Greece which shone through all nations and made it the brightest spot on earth. The greatest and noblest minds of every succeeding age have looked back upon that period with wonder and admiration. During the 2300 years that have followed, literature in its most flourishing periods, has rekindled her torch at the altars of Greece. Demosthenes' orations are regarded as the finest specimens of eloquence extant. The works of Plato are yet carefully studied by the profoundest minds. The statues of Greece still stand forth after the lapse of ages, in unrivalled beauty." The Greeks loved liberty and have given to the world great models of moral excellence, yet they were "heathens" and flourished ages before Christianity had its birth. I need not call your attention to the intellectual condition of the Pagan world. We all remember that the age of Augustus was one of the most brilliant in history. Says Lecky: "From the death of Marcus Aurelius, about which time Christianity assumed an important influence in the Roman world, the decadence of the empire was rapid and almost uninterrupted," and he continues, "a hideous, sordid and emaciated map, without knowledge, without patriotism, without natural affection, passing his life in a long routine of useless self-torture, and quailing before the ghostly phantoms of his delirious brain, had become the ideal of the nations that had known the writings of Plato and Cicero and the lives of Socrates and Plato."

The Christian historian, Guizot, says: "We saw them (profane literature and Pagan philosophy) soon disappear; sacred literature and Christian theology alone remained. We no longer meet with anything but sermons and legends. This decay has generally been attributed to the tyranny of the church, to the triumph of the principles of authority and faith over the principles of liberty and reason." Thus we learn from history that for some sixteen hundred years the Bible held that portion of the world that was under its control, in a cloud of ignorance. Religious freedom, one of the best features of Pagan civilization, was destroyed by the Bible. Says Lecky: "The general principle of coercion was admitted and acted on against the Jews, the Heretics and the Pagans." During the long struggle which continued for ages, Christians received from the Bible the authority to oppose every innovation and punish with imprisonment, torture and death the teachers of science and philosophy. "The spirit of persecution which has raged at intervals all over Christendom cost the lives of innumerable multitudes and reddened with human blood the fairest regions of the earth, has its origin in the Bible. And now we ask what spiritual idea or moral principle has been given from the Bible which the world had not received before? Not a belief in God, for that is as old as human history.

It is generally conceded by all learned Orientalists that a large portion of the writings of the Brahmins is anterior to any part of our Bible and they abound in the grandest conceptions of Deity. Abbe Dubois states that the Hindus, in their earliest times, had no images. They worshipped the one God as Divinity in duality, positive and negative—father and mother. In fact, long before Egypt, China, India, or Syria carved their gospels in symbols and hieroglyphics, or penned them on scrolls, man had learned to worship the unseen powers of the universe. I grant you that the God of the Bible was not received. Nature gives no indication of the existence of such a God, and will it be a great loss to humanity when the dark picture of a "God of anger, a consuming fire, a man of war, a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children," shall fade from the memory of man, and in its place stand the ultimate cause, the unconditional reality of philosophy. Mr. Herbert Spencer says: "The certainty on the one hand that such a power exists, while on the other hand its nature transcends intuition and is beyond imagination, is the certainty towards which intelligence has, from the first, been progressing." God existed before Bibles and will continue to speak to humanity after the last Bible has faded from the memory of man.

"It is said that man's knowledge of immortality is derived from the Bible. The Rev. Mr. Maurice, as quoted by Higgins, says: 'The Bhagavat Gita, so marvelously rich in thought, relating to the immortality of the soul, was written over four thousand years since.' In fact India, Egypt, China, through cycles of ages, have voiced the eternal truth of conscious immortality. Christians base their hope of a future life upon a miracle. 'If Christ be not risen then that hope is vain.' The Bible presents no evidence upon this subject. The world wants facts, not faith—law, not miracle. Man had an intuitive knowledge of im-

mortality, which had inspired him to seek for the law by which he continues to exist as a spirit. The truths thus obtained will encircle with light the coming ages, when the myths of the Bible have faded before the splendid achievements of art and science.

If the Bible fails, celestial spirits will continue to converse with and bless humanity and all will understand that death is only a change of location; a kind angel that unlocks the door; permits the spirit to pass on to a better life. 'Tis said that without the Bible we should have no idea of right and wrong, yet the moral doctrines of Thales, Pythagoras, Confucius and Socrates, have cast their golden glory over all succeeding ages, and stand as models of excellence. Contrast Thales, Socrates, or Plato with Moses, Samuel, or David. The teachings of the former invite to the attainment of all that is good and true, but the injunctions and practices of the latter lead to all that is degraded and cruel. Therefore I say in the words of another, 'Morality existed before the Bible and will exist when the Bible is obsolete.' But it is true that the Bible contains some principles which must perish with it. Will it be a great loss to have the doctrine of the fall of man, a personal devil, rewards and punishments, buried from sight? The Bible has taught man that he was a depraved and degraded being, and that the great duty of life was to save himself from the wrath of an angry God; he is to look upon the flesh as carnal, and the natural desires of his being as an indication of his sinful nature; he is to give his time, strength and best thoughts, to the selfish object of saving himself; he is to neglect and despise this world, that he may gain a home in heaven; live in poverty here, and look for a crown over there.

The spirit of the age declares the innate purity of every soul,—that happiness is its birth-right—and its highest duty to use and unfold its powers, and aid others in the great work of self culture—that honesty of spirit will not make one more God-like,—that there is work to do here and now—that poverty is a curse to be removed by earnest labor, and not a blessing to be thankful for,—that the best prayers are good works, and the best religion doing good,—that the true Saviour is knowledge, and the true heaven a condition of harmony. The Bible has thrown dark shadows of fear around the thought of another life. Its unnatural heaven from which the best and wisest of earth have been excluded, has little attraction for any one, while its awful picture of Hell has driven thousands into a disbelief in the immortality of the soul.

The beautiful truths of Spiritualism, will bring Heaven upon earth and transform uncultured selfish human beings into angels of purity and wisdom. Standing on the rock of science, face to face with nature, and hand in hand with angels, we have no fear that the light of truth will perish, or love and kindness forsake the world, when creeds and Bibles are forgotten.

ADDRESS BY MRS. R. SHEPARD, OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., BEFORE THE FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS OF PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 4, M. S. 32.

From several subjects handed us for consideration, we select as a basis for the morning's discourse, this question, "Do spirits believe in the absurdity of a trinity?"

This takes us, my friends, to the God idea—to the foundation of all religions. It carries the inquiring mind out to the thought—what is God? And how perfectly has man been enabled, from the sources opened to him, to gather wisdom in this direction? Has he by research, or by his own receptivity, ever been able to grasp and solve this great problem? Many have told us of Gods in the past—many have bowed down and worshipped at altars of wood and stone—but may we turn to any of these and expect infinite wisdom? Have any, by their researches, brought light indisputable, or evidence infallible? For upon these questions hinges the truth or falsity, to a great extent, of the historical evidences in this regard claiming divine origin, which man has already received.

We turn to one class and ask them—what of God? They answer according to their idea; but where did they receive the same? If a Buddhist, they answer according to the teachings of Buddha; if a Mahomedan they refer you to the teachings of the prophet Mahomet, who has spoken with God; and if a Christian, your answer will be, "the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ."

Thus every form of religion known to humanity has had its divine interpreters, or channels of receptivity, sustaining similar relationship to God and the people, as mediator, messiah, or holy prophets.

Not until we come to the Christian religion do we find this mystery of the trinity.

Three Gods in one and one in three—God the Father, God the Son and God the Spirit—three in one. Three persons in one Godhead, each a separate individual, and yet a perfect one in personality.

Who can solve this riddle? How can this thing be? Few even of the clergy or teachers of the past, who have taken eminently high positions, have been able to settle this question satisfactorily to themselves; only receiving and teaching the same, because previously promulgated by others whose authority was by them unquestioned. It is only the few minds who are able to draw from the fountain source of intelligence and bring to the world something new, who are unwilling to accept, in regard to the ideas concerning God or any other basic religious principle, the teachings of past generations as infallible. Many have worked upon other men's theories, have accepted other men's ideas; have gone on truthfully and sincerely expounding the same as best they could upon the principles and foundations they had to work from.

Yet only the few have come to the front and boldly denouncing the errors of the past, as such, thinking for themselves, searching for themselves, allowing the divine light of wisdom to illuminate the passageway of thought, have at last wrought out some divine principle—solved some mystery of life itself. Such are those who have been termed the Messiahs. They who have been greatly inspired, who have been the channels through which the higher intelligences have been able to transmit light, and as such we recognize them as our teachers.

We recognize the fact also that there is a divine principle in nature everywhere—a something which

the mind of man cannot understand—a mystery unfathomable—a source of intelligence and of life.

Search where we will thou art—O! living power. We recognize thee in each blade and flower.

We may search down into the depths of the earth—we may analyze the air we breathe—we may go far out into the realm of nature—we may gather up her forms of life—we may learn many beautiful lessons—yet we find in all a power, a principle which, unlike the elements of which we have spoken, we are not able to analyze and understand. This we call the divine, or God principle. Men have divided and subdivided. Gods many, and godheads numerous have we had in the teachings of the past. As yet man's ignorance stands in the way of the solution of this great problem and we are obliged to stand upon these same points to interpret these difficult passages for ourselves—to look almost with infinite wisdom from cause to effect—to inquire of grand old nature what makes her machinery move so smoothly—to look into the organism of man himself and ask again the same question—to look wherever intelligence abideth and ask again; to go out then with the great cry of our own souls; feeling the want; feeling the void; feeling as yet, the unanswered question; and bowing in humble simplicity to this, the unknown. We use the same old word we have been so used to having upon our lips, and we cry out again, Father, God; yet in as much of ignorance; yet in as much of darkness as to the real solution of this great problem, this divine principle; as when tottering from the cradle of infancy we asked our mothers who made us. When they told us "God made us little children," we innocently replied: "Who and what is God?" Our mothers were obliged to say: "Wait until you are older and you will know." But not old enough on the earth plane of existence are we as yet to answer this question that in our early babyhood we began to ask, and now we ask again. Not old enough have men on earth, as yet, been to search the hidden lore of the past—to turn over the bibles of the ages—and find therein any record so perfect, any story so well adapted to human needs, of this divine principle—anything so in accord with our superior judgment—with the wisdom with which we are endowed—with this power which is inherent within us—anything which has satisfied the longings of the human soul in this direction.

We have before us on this desk the Bible of the Christian. It contains many divine and beautiful utterances, that have come to us as leaflets. We can almost see them scattered by the winds of the past, up to the time when gathered up by other hands; compiled, revised, and re-revised again, and yet not sufficiently so, as to be made perfect. Nor can it ever approximate to this, until with a better knowledge of the language in which it was written—with a greater knowledge of human nature—with a superior wisdom to interpret its difficult passages and an intelligence to read this, as other works are read, with reason and understanding—realizing the conditions through which it has passed, thereby enabling us to sift the good from the bad—the chaff from the wheat. Then with man's reason and understanding in full play we may better understand this problem of the Godhead and the number of persons contained therein. Though this may appear to some as an absurdity, or a monstrosity; this three in one and one in three. I must say as an individual that as far as I can trace this divine principle, they have made a mistake in not reaching enough of these personages in the godhead. Not a trinity of godheads, but a multiplicity of the same—so numerous that even the sands on the seashore, were they counted numerically, would not outnumber the persons in this great godhead. For wherever I see a source whence emanates somewhat of intelligence—somehow of wisdom—somehow of life or of love—there I see God is speaking—there I behold one of the heads in this great one, the great Godhead which comes towering in majesty and beauty in one grand and perfect whole, composed of all these.

Thou, God, the Father—all perfect—source of knowledge and wisdom—in Thee are all things. Humanity—the sons of this All Father—and everywhere the spirit of life.

In the trinity of the Christian, we find as the second person Jesus of Nazareth, who walked the Judean Villages these many hundred years ago; who taught many of the divine principles and utterances attributed to Him; who gave us, as we believe, that divine production, the sermon on the mount; who gave at least many divine and beautiful utterances; who was the cause of the building up of this great church of which Christianity is so proud to-day, this religion out of which nearly every one of us has come; yes we believe all of us by one mode of transmigration, (if we may use this word) or another out of old Theology, credulism, dogmatism and the evils of the past, have we emerged, some of us through the school of so-called infidelity; we have become skeptical on certain points of Biblical teachings; we have turned our Bible leaves over carefully, as we have compared one passage with another; we have used our reasoning powers; we have at last come to the conclusion that it is not infallible; not all divine. We have found that in this great volume there is mixed somewhat of divine thought, but we have concluded at last, though God given, perhaps though received from the higher intelligences that they have denominated by this great name; though coming from this great fountain source to earth, we must necessarily receive it through some human channel. Though we may hear of God, upon the mountain top, delivering the law to Moses and in various ways manifesting himself; yet in all, as we read carefully, we are obliged to admit that there is more of the spirit of Moses than of the spirit of God; and every where we trace, through utterances of prophet and seer, evidences that though God may have spoken through many or all of these persons, yet the communications are very like the channel of transmigration.

God manifest in Jesus, is not the same manifestation as in Moses. God manifest in you, will not be the same as either of those mentioned, and yet it is God manifest in the flesh.

Giving utterance to these ideas, we as spiritualists hear the cry of infidelity to God and the Bible. But wait, perhaps the true and divine principle which we believe in, is adherence to truth and not infidelity.

It is our privilege to take the same standpoint that a Wesley, a Luther, or any of the reformers of the past—that of inquiry.

Truth cannot be injured, shining in her garments of whiteness and purity. She will be spotless. Honest inquiry can only make error falter and truth stand

God, the father of humanity was
only would pacify him.
this no longer. It is only man's
t the true one,
fatherhood of God, for the peace
the spirit of the golden rule, his
justice and of love, do unto othe
should do unto us, or to not
would not have them do unto us.

Men wiser than we are have undertaken to solve this problem, but how strange and intricate it is! Three in one and one in three! God, the Father, angry because of the sinfulness of weak humanity, must appease his own wrath, and in attempting to do this, looks forth in heaven to see who may come to the sacrifice. Blood has been offered from animals these thousands of years—men have been led to the sacrifice—and yet His anger is not appeased. Then he conceives the plan of going to earth, taking upon himself flesh to become a sacrifice—to satisfy his anger. But hold a moment. Not himself, but seeking conditions of purity, would become Father himself to a being that should be both God and man. Thus we have the story. He became the father to a god-man, while He, the eternal Son of the Father, equal with him in power, must submit to this in order that we, through accepting this atonement, might be saved. He must take upon himself the form human—must suffer and die—must be a little child, the son of a carpenter—must work with Joseph at his trade—must suffer imprisonment and death—the ignominious death of a criminal (as the thieves at his side)—and this

Are we not living witnesses of these glorious truths and may we not speak of earthly things as we are surrounded by them? But, under all circumstances and conditions of earth let us, in our lives, tell the world of heavenly things.

"Stand up for Jesus," says the Christian world; and shall we not rather proclaim from one end of the world to the other, stand up for the eternal truths of the living gospel of "peace on earth and good will towards men?" Stand up for the enduring love of the Great Supreme, vouchsafed to man and made known to him, in the glorious manifestations of a broad philosophy and a living religion. Stand up for the

secret places, nor put the light thereof under a bushel. The light of this angelic dispensation, is not new, but is as old as the everlasting hills. It has glared in the darkness, of the ages of the past, but the darkness fully perceived it not. Philosophers, poets and men of giant intellects, were influenced by it, and the humble and poor in spirit and in pocket, had its inspiration. It shone in the palace, and illuminated the hovel. Men and women, were led by it in their weaknesses, and in their strengths.

It has glided the horizon of a thousand hopes, and adding zeal to the enterprises of men, they have achieved wonder in science, and in art, and magni-

him to and upon the earthy, while in the surroundings of physical life—born into it, he is earthy and therefore a second birth is necessary to put him into a spiritual life, and to "see the kingdom of God."

It is in a spiritual life we realize all the sublimity of its power, and the beauty of its glory, and no less, that the kingdom of heaven is within us; and that we are "the temples of the living God."

Then in the patience of living facts, let us await the coming of the New Jerusalem, and be happy in the conviction that we have passed the second birth, and are heirs of the Kingdom of Eternal life, love, and glory.

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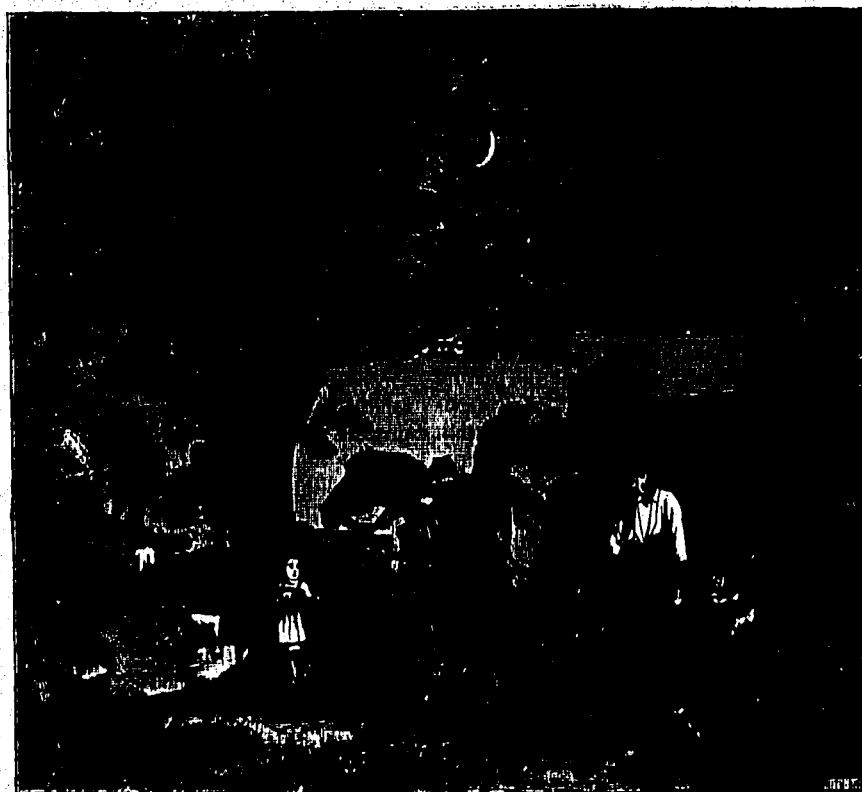
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Ring deeper than the olden chimes;
Ring out the knell of feudal times;
Ring out the years of dark distress;
Ring in an age of happiness.

Ring in the morn of Wisdom's birth,
Incarnate saviour on the earth;
Born of high Heaven; whose radiant star
Plumes its birthplace from afar;
Ring out the gloom; ring in the light;
While angels croud with delight.

Ring out the myths of heathen yore;
The festivals of human gore;
Ring in the feast of recompense;
A flow of Reason;—common sense.
Ring out to every thirsty soul,
The chimes of truth from pole to pole.

Let peal on peal reverberate
From every steep, every gate.
Ring out oppression, and distress,
Monopoly and selfishness;
Bid every sinking heart rejoice
In union with Freedom's voice.

Ring, while the angels once again,
Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Ring, Death is dead; The soul is free
To bask in immortality,
Ring out ye bells; ring something new,
Ring on forever. Ring the true.

THE APPEARING OF CHRIST.

BY A. G. HOLLISTER.

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At the opening of the seventh seal, which began the seventh order of times, there was silence in heaven about half an hour. The sun of divine revelation having been darkened under the previous seal, gave no light to work by, nor to know what was to follow. Therefore the heavens waited on God for direction, because the old having ceased, a new order of work was about to commence. All who cease from their own works that they may become co-workers with God and subjects of the Divine Order, frequently experience this silence before Him, as if seeking an allusion of the Divine Spirit to prepare them for their appointed work. As that work was destined to effect a radical change in human character and conduct by a presentation of new and superior motives for action, it could not from the nature of the case, be instantly universal, as but few were in a condition to entertain or even desire it. One or more instruments must be found to receive and develop the germ from whence the proclamation could start, and also to serve as a pattern to give it effective force.

THE HOLY CITY

of Christian principles on earth must be redeemed and cleansed from the profane fest that trod it down, (Rev. ii, 2,) that the New Jerusalem (its feminine counterpart) about to descend from God out of heaven, adorned as a Bride, might meet a fitting response and have its own place to stand. From thence, as from an impregnable center, her power and light could extend until all nations should be taught to reverence and obey the one living and true God who formed the Universe and thus be gathered before Him as their Law giver, Ruler and Judge, unmistakably revealed in the latter day temple of His glory, which is composed of resurrected souls. Any departure from native innocence is a fall, which requires a corresponding resurrection. A birth out of the natural, into the Divine Spirit is also a resurrection. Hence Christ the spirit says, I am the resurrection and the life. Resurrection literally means rising up and takes effect on souls in the body as really as upon those who have put off the physical. Therefore the Apostle writes, "We were buried together with him through the baptism into the death (to a natural state), that as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, thus we also should walk in newness of life." (Ro. vi, 3.) Here we are told that to be raised from the dead like Christ, is to walk in newness of life.

THE SUN

of the preceding times had become black as sackcloth of hair. Its light was eclipsed through apostasy and transgression. The moon, signifying the natural genius of man (which shines if at all, by reflecting the light of revelation) and also the civil government organized by natural genius, had been wholly turned to war and bloody persecution, and a large class who called Jesus Lord, taught that faith in blood! was a surer passport to future happiness than righteous works, notwithstanding the Wisdom of God has promised to reward each one according as his works shall be. (Rev. vi, 12.) The stars of heaven, meaning teachers of religious light, had fallen to earth, and taught from the earth and from the things of men to please men, and not from the wisdom which descends from above, which is first pure and then peaceable, and full of mercy and good fruits. The required number of first fruits had been sealed, and the heaven itself was to be rolled together and removed as soon as the foundation of the new Creation begun in Christ, was completed by the revelation of the Bride. This revelation which brings in a new dispensation, has proved an ark of refuge from the uncertainties of life and a rock to build upon for as many as choose to be broken off from earthly generation by falling on the rock of Christian principles, rather than perish from their true relation to the higher life among the debris and falling wrecks of those worldly systems upon which that rock has begun to fall and is grinding them to powder. (Matt. xxi, 44.)

The change in the times requires

A CHANGE OF WORKS.

A change wherein all who would enter the rest prepared for the Saints at the end of the natural creation, are called upon to cease from their own works, that is from doing their own wills as Jesus did from his, that they may henceforth do the will of God. (Heb. iv, 3, 4, 9, 10.) To cease from the works of natural generation which have been done from the foundation of the world, and which still remain the foundation of the world, and which still remain the foundation of its present order and continuance, and of those evils which perpetuate the tares of the parable by hereditary

transmission. In other words, it is time to cease sowing to the flesh, that we may sow to the spirit, and of the spirit reap life everlasting. For no man can serve two masters; and these two are contrary one to the other, and cannot exist together without perpetual conflict. Hence "flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God" which is a spiritual kingdom of purity and peace, neither can corruption inherit incorruption. If they that sow to the flesh, "shall of the flesh reap corruption, it is because they sow corruption, for what a man sows, that will he also reap," in all ages, in all spheres, and throughout all cycles of time and eternity.

As Jesus Christ, the beginning of the new creation, abstained from doing his own will that he might do the will of God, until he became dead to the former, and the latter was his daily food, he was the first that could say "I do always those things that please Him." The son can do nothing but what he seeth the Father do." He thus became the first born of the Divine Spirit; the first to overcome and rise out of that death into which mankind fell by transgression; and the first to obtain that rest which is found by dying in the Lord to every worldly way and selfish desire, even the heaven of eternal life. (Rev. xiv, 13.) "And he has left us an example that we should follow in his steps" of self denial if we would go where he has gone. Because he is the pattern of the only kind of character that can ever get there, or that would be satisfied to remain there. And as character is not an instantaneous creation, nor subject to permanent transfer, it must be evolved by the wearer in order to be retained or comfortably worn.

KINGS OF LIGHT.

As the sixth day of the week among God's typical people was a preparation for the Sabbath, so the sixth order of times as described in the Apocalypse may reasonably be understood as a preparation for the seventh. Hence we read that the sixth bowl of wrath was poured out upon the great river Euphrates, and the waters thereof were dried up that the way of the Kings of the East might be prepared. Kings of the East here signify Kings of Light, who reign over self in that dominion wherewith Christ has made them free. Scholars tell us that Euphrates means fruitful, or that makes fruitful. It is the fourth head of the river that went to Eden to water the garden, and here signifies the principle of natural generation. Hence the warning that follows, "Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked and they see his shame." This evidently alludes to the sin whereby the human spirit first lost its clothing of innocence and experienced shame in nakedness.

As vanity cannot see its own defects, nor vice its own ugliness, so sin can never condemn itself; hence it is only by the light which shines from higher planes that souls can ever know sin, or folly, or the way to progress toward happier conditions. Such being the acknowledged state of affairs, that shame which condemns the action of a particular passion to the most guarded privacy, and banishes the language descriptive of its works from all good society because of its tendency to corrupt the mind and morals, to cloud the sense and withdraw the interest from those beautiful ideals and ennobling virtues which we wish to cultivate in our friendly associations, being so nearly universal as evidenced by careful concealment of certain portions of the body, is proof of something radically wrong in this connection. And this carefulness increases in proportion as man rises in the scale of moral culture and social purity, and decreases in the opposite direction, toward the animal and savage state until the human animal sinks far below the natural brute! showing that the true line of human progress and elevation points to the final suppression of that passion on the animal plain. This conclusion accords with the testimony of the inspired Seer who foretold the wonderful outpouring of the spirit which is occurring in these days. (Joel ii, 26 to 32.) "My people shall never be ashamed, because they shall no more do shameful works."

A CORRELATION OF SOUL FORCES.

The result of absolute continence arising from Christian motives is somewhere termed a sacred alchemy, an evolution of the soul, whereby all life, when denied manifesting on a lower, climbs to higher platforms. Bodily vigor, as the sage of Concord says, becomes mental and moral vigor. Bodily health and cheerfulness becomes charity, beneficence and liberality. Alimentation in the higher laboratories becomes inspiration, imagery and thought; and in still higher results, courage and endurance, through faith and trust founded in knowledge and true spiritual aspiration. If we acquire the strength of the resistance which we overcome, the obstacles which appear so difficult to encounter at the beginning of the conflict will serve to augment the triumph of the victor, and endow him with a permanent increase of power and usefulness.

Though this change may seem, to many, distant, impractical and chimerical, it is no more than the spirit by the mouth of the prophet (Isaiah) promised to do "a strange work, a marvelous work, and a wonder." It cannot be stranger to the people of this generation than was the earth's axial rotation, and its revolution among the stars, to both scholars and people in the time of Galileo. But the philosopher had ideally transferred his center of observation from self to the sun, whereby he passed out of the limits of the physical senses into the vestibule of the Infinite, and the arcana of new worlds lay open to his view.

His understanding enlarged by the perception of higher truths, could not contract to previous dimensions, and a field of scientific progress and philosophic investigation opened to the human mind, such as it never before conceived. The school men who refused to behold the evidence placed before them, became the laughing stock of after generations, while the philosopher has the following of all the truly instructed in natural science, and will have through all coming time.

A LIKE TRIUMPH.

a like field of discovery, and a like expansion of vision and progress, awaits those earnest seekers who, with honesty of heart and purity of purpose, will permanently transfer their basis of action and thought from the plane of physical generation to that of virgin purity, chastity and continence, according to the example and teaching of Jesus, and the wise counsels of many angels and spirit guides of modern mediums. To whomsoever this call has been given, it will be far easier to heed it in the present than it will in the future, to see the position thus offered them occupied by others who will obey, and thus pass by delinquents who, in other respects, may have been their superiors.

The universal acceptance of this doctrine as a matter of belief would no more put an end to the

world prematurely, or before its Author designs it, than all men would become premature philosophers, or angels, by being convinced that they all had capacities which would enable them in due time to unfold to that extent. For as Jesus says, not all men receive this doctrine save they to whom it is given. "He that is able to receive it, let him." Who are able? Those who are willing to forsake all selfishness and become as a little child for the kingdom of heaven's sake. "No one can come to me except the Father who sent me, draw him," said Jesus. And again, "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all to myself." As no one can come to Christ without doing those works that Jesus did, which formed his character, the inferences are, first, that the law of total abstinence is directed by the same Author who is believed to have established in nature, for His own purpose, the law of physical reproduction, and who may be allowed, without charge of contradiction, inconsistency, or change of purpose, to substitute a superior for an inferior law, when the purpose of the latter is fulfilled. And further, that the law of abstinence revealed in the gospel of Christ is as much superior to the law of reproduction in nature, even when the latter is observed according to the original design of the Creator, as a divinely unfolded human being is superior to that system of nature over which man was formed to rule and hold dominion. And still further, that the second arrangement was designed to reach, in the progress of ages, all who are brought into mortal existence by the first.

THE CALL

is given to all who have ears to hear the voice of the Spirit from the heavens of eternal life saying, "Come up hither." Those who receive this call while in mortal form, and are faithful to do the works of Christ to the end, are elected to be spiritual fathers and mothers in the great work of human redemption; saviors after the pattern set by Jesus, in whom all nations are to be blessed; a royal priesthood to go before all others; each one heir to a kingdom, as recorded in the promise to the angel of the seventh church, which corresponds to the seventh and last order of times. "He that overcometh shall sit down with me in my throne, even as I overcame and have sat down with my Father in His throne." Surely this is an object worth our best endeavor, and if it was not within our power of attainment, it would not have been promised.

If that innumerable multitude who are not yet awakened to hear the voice of the resurrecting angels, were, convinced, as they surely will be in process of time, that purity of heart is the only avenue of approach to the higher and perfect life from whence all sorrow and unrest is forever excluded, they hear a call to repentance addressed to them, and be thereby enabled to keep much nearer the original law and order of nature for propagation, now so basely violated under the false pretext of following nature. A strict conformity to the law of times and seasons, and the moral obligations of monogamic wedlock, is a duty they owe not only to themselves, but to their offspring and the generations after them. By so doing they would greatly lessen, if they did not entirely suppress, "the social evil," and also immensely reduce the complications which beset the problem of human improvement. And they would progress and be far better prepared when their turn comes to enter the harvest work which severs all its subjects from the plane of physical reproduction, and from the arrangements arising out of it.

Are not many of the evils that afflict society and individuals, that impose heavy burdens on the industrious and laboring classes, traceable to pre-natal causes? If this is a fact which cannot be truthfully denied, ought not all true Reformers to strike at the root of this Uvas which poisons and corrodes all the springs of life by corrupting its fountain? This can be done by practicing the truth at home, and proclaiming it abroad whether people will hear or whether they will forbear. For self-denial is all that will save the world from being destroyed by the fruits of its own wickedness, and the world does not know its Saviors, hence one generation crucifies whom the next generation deifies. The blindness and unbelief on this subject is tremendous, and without the strength of a Divine courage, terrible to encounter.

"THE MAN OF SIN."

"The carnal mind is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be," writes the Apostle. Then it is lawless, and herein is revealed the man of sin, that lawless one, who opposes and exalts himself above all that is called God or that is revered. Exalting the demands of a base passion above the dictates of morality, and the nobler requirements of rational intelligence and intuition; above all the messengers and prophets of the Divine Spirit, so that sitting in the temple of God, even in the core of human affections, (that is, of those who do not keep the covenant of the law of light placed in the understanding) he shows himself that he is god; a mystery of lawlessness whom the Lord consumes with the spirit of his mouth, and renders inert by the brightness of his presence. (2 Thess. ii, 3 to 10.) Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

A Friend to "Mind and Matter."—Circulate the Documents.

CLINTON, Iowa, Dec. 31, 1879.

Editor Mind and Matter:
Enclosed find \$3.05, postal order, to pay for one year's subscription for MIND AND MATTER, commencing the 1st of January, 1880, and the three premium pictures.

I think my subscription for your paper does not expire until about the 1st of June, 1880.

You will please send me the value of the unexpired term of my old subscription in specimen copies of your paper, in two instalments—one-half of No. 6 and one-half of No. 7. I want them for distribution among my friends and hope thereby to procure several new subscribers for your valuable paper.

We organized a society here some time since and have had good success in gaining recruits. The churches have pitched into us pretty lively, but we propose to "hold the fort" and will have the assistance of such speakers as Mrs. Lake and Mr. Peck, who have been with us several months doing faithful and successful work.

Our old friend, Dr. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa, has just returned from Milwaukee and reports a successful trip.

We are much pleased with your paper and the course you are pursuing.

That MIND AND MATTER may live long and be read with profit by many subscribers, is our most earnest wish.

Yours fraternally,

O. H. JACKSON.

KIND WORDS.

Mrs. M. Palmer, Hicksville, Defiance Co., Ohio, writes: "The new form of the paper is very nice and convenient to file away for binding, but I send my own copy around to friends, for I cannot bear to see any lying idle while so many are needing the light that MIND AND MATTER can bring."

Dr. Chas. Yeisley, Castor House, Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "I like your paper and will try and get you subscribers. I treat all kind of diseases as successfully at a distance as by personal treatment. I am now engaged with Paul Caster the celebrated healer as an assistant."

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H. S. Beers, Byron, Mich., writes: "As I am interested in the cause of Spiritualism and your live paper, I thought that I would prove my allegiance to the cause. I hereby send you some new subscribers, they are all live Spiritualists, and well know when they get a good thing, and the prospect is they will be life subscribers. Your opinion of the Jesuits and mine agree. I am glad to see that they have run against a general that is more than their match."

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Lucius Stone, Troy, N. Y., writes: "Enclosed you will find three dollars, for which please send me your paper MIND AND MATTER for one year. I have accepted the kind offer of Mr. Mansfield, and enclose a letter to him to answer, as a premium, which please attend to as you will understand to be the proper manner. I have had two or three copies of your paper sent to me, by whom I know not, and I have taken great satisfaction in their perusal."

Mrs. A. D. Van Buren, Lake City, writes: "I here with enclose two dollars and fifteen cents for MIND AND MATTER, one year, and the picture 'Dawning Light.' I have seen only a few numbers of the paper but like them much, and rejoice that mediumship is being better understood and appreciated, for the perusal of your papers by many who have read so little of true mediumship, or the trials and persecutions to which our mediums are subjected."

Almeida A. Fordstrand, Industry, Austin Co., Texas, writes: "Please accept my sincere thanks for several numbers of MIND AND MATTER, which I have read with much pleasure, thinking it equal to the dear old Banner of Light, to which I have been a constant subscriber for the past 15 years. I enclose you \$2.15 for MIND AND MATTER for the coming year. May God and the good angels shower blessings on you and all engaged in promulgating our beloved cause. I will close by wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Mrs. Joshua Marshall, Manito, Mason Co., Ill., writes: "To one and all I send my heart felt thanks for the many good things that I hear from your office. It is a source of pleasure for me to know that our son stood face to face with such noble men, and also to be introduced to Mr. Bliss, Mr. James and Mr. Kase. He says he saw Sister Bliss; also was introduced to a gentleman from London. I feel as though I was personally acquainted with you all. I so well remember the account of S. P. Kase carrying the spirit message to President Lincoln, and also how reasonable the President received them. If any of those good people should come this way tell them to call and see us."

Chas. W. Allen, Manassas, N. J., writes: "Although ignorant of the phenomena of Spiritualism yet I am almost persuaded to accept it as the truths (as you state) in many cases agree with ideas that I have held for some time. One very strong one (for illustration.) Man is his own judge, therefore sure of justice, and many, many others that strike very forcibly as being truths. I would very dearly love to hear from the dear departed ones that they might give me wise counsel. I wish you perfect success in this great enterprise, and great credit is due you for your indomitable pluck and perseverance, and your protection of mediums. I shall try and extend the circulation of your paper as circumstances will admit. I would not be without it for many times the actual cost."

Mary Smith, West Pittsfield, Mass., writes: "It is impossible for me to convey in words my appreciation of your valuable paper; it stands so fearless and bold in the cause of truth and right. What would become of our mediums had not the allwise Father provided an instrument to hurl red hot truth into the midst of the enemies ranks, and sent them humiliated back in confusion to their den of corruption. Your experiences with the spirit enemies of Spiritualism is a great help to those who do not understand the intrigues and craft of the enemies of truth as well as you do; people will not be so easily deceived after reading your paper. I want to send a letter to a friend on the other side, which I will enclose with the required sum, three dollars and four three cent stamps for MIND AND MATTER and answer to sealed letter. I have tried to get subscribers for your paper but how I have succeeded I do not know. I have sent them far and near to my friends, requesting them to subscribe. I was the first that introduced them to Mount Lebanon Shakers and in Pittsfield Mass., and Hammon, N. J. I think your paper ought to circulate all over the broad earth where it can be read, and I shall do all I can to that end. May you live long, and be blessed with health to be able to accomplish the work you have so nobly begun, is the prayer of your friend."